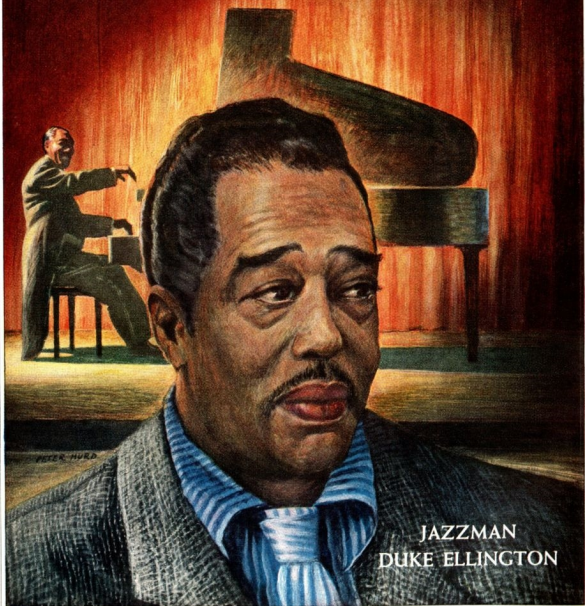


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AUGUST 20, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXVIII NO. 8



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The Men Who

Sir:

Your Aug. 6 article, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," sounds as if it had been written by Styles Bridges and approved by William Jenner and Joseph McCarthy. Time, it seems, would rather have a candidate already selected before the convention, thereby ignoring the vast selection of numerous other hopefuls who in my opinion would be at least 10% stronger politically than the present Vice President. If not Chris Herter, why not Governor Craig of Indiana?

LAWRENCE FEINSTEIN

Newton Centre, Mass.

Sir:

Mr. Stassen may not hope to really achieve much except give Mr. Nixon a few uneasy moments and perhaps the Republican Party a bit of trouble. Everybody knows that Stassen is interested only in one man in the universe and that fellow is Harold Stassen himself. No doubt he had his eye on the very job that Nixon landed in 1952.

FRANCES TAYLOR

Lincoln, Neb.

Sir:

Could it be that Richard M. Nixon is just too whole-souled, forthright and outspoken a Republican to suit all these internationalists, whether Republican, Democratic or Communist? In all the furor whipped up by the egregious Stassen, I have heard nothing worse charged against him.

LAMBERT FAIRCCHILD

New York City

Sir:

Why two full columns in your Aug. 6 issue of blather about Dems and Catholics and the prospects of combination of them to "help muffle the issue"? The issue in 1952 was Korea and the Dems' sad handling of that situation. If "softness toward Communism" can be construed to mean softheadedness toward Korea, your speculation on the chances of a Roman Catholic Veep helping the Dems win in '56 could be justified only if Father Rigney were a candidate. With Red Chinese ranging in Burma, hardy Tibetans battling Mao's tanks with muskets, and a powder-keg "peace" in Korea, I doubt if even a Catholic nudist with the stature of Diana Dors or the popularity of Elvis Presley could do much effective "muffling."

LEONARD STEWART

Houston

Let Reader Stewart keep his credits straight. The "speculation on the

LETTERS

chances of a Roman Catholic Veep," reported by TIME, is the work of Democratic politicians.—Ed.

Sir:

Your article was enlightening, but regardless of statistics, polls and all the rest, the fact remains that to elect a Roman Catholic President of the United States would be the same as placing the Government under foreign controls.

STEWART SCHWARTZ
University City, Mo.

All Yare

Sir:

In regard to your July 30 People item on "yare-proportioned" Miss Universe: Which of the three meanings of this archaic word are you using? 1) ready; 2) eager, active; 3) easily worked, manageable?

GRACE R. PREMO

Santa Monica, Calif.

Let Reader Premo make her own choice.—Ed.

Fool's Mate at Suez?

Sir:

In view of the action taken by Nasser, which seems almost inevitable in retrospect, you really put your foot in your mouth with the July 23 article in which you heap praise on Mr. Dulles' action in matters of the Aswan Dam. The "instinctive rightness" of Mr. Dulles' decisive gambit put the U.S. and its allies in a checkmate in the Near East, and the consequences are not far from a decisive disaster indeed.

HEINZ WERNER PUPPE

Los Angeles

Sir:

International law or comity, or what have you, Nasser has made fools of the U.S., Britain, France and the West. U.S. Middle East policy is moribund, delinquent, and outdated.

J. ASHTON GREENE

New Orleans

Sir:

Mr. Dulles has at last taken the wind from the sail of Mr. Nasser of Egypt. I hope he will do the same for Tito and Nehru.

W. P. WILKENS

Dravosburg, Pa.

Sir:

Bravo, Foster Dulles—grand master in political chess. This time you came from behind to show this pocket-size Hitler, called

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August 20, 1956

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Number 8

TIME, AUGUST 20, 1956

"Stomach" Ulcer

ACCORDING to recent conservative estimates, about half a million people in our country today have ulcers of the digestive system in an active form. This includes both ulcers of the *stomach* and ulcers of the *duodenum*—that part of the small intestine into which the stomach empties. There is evidence that this disease is increasing, especially among those from 30 to 50 years of age.

Medical science can now offer greater hope than ever before to those who have this condition. Many cases can be cured completely, and others can be controlled. This



has been made possible largely by increased knowledge of the nature of the disease—particularly of the part that the emotions play in causing ulcers. There has also been great improvement in methods of diagnosis and treatment.

An ulcer is essentially an irritated or inflamed area in the lining of the stomach or duodenum. Although the *exact* cause is unknown, there are several factors which may be responsible for its onset. *Constant* abuse of the stomach through eating hurried, irregular meals—or eating food that is too highly seasoned, or too hot or too cold—may lead to an ulcer. *Prolonged* emotional tension, accompanied by *excessive* secretion of the acid digestive juices formed by the stomach, is also believed to be an important factor in the development of this ailment. As the ulcer develops, pain, an unnatural feeling of hunger, so-called "heartburn" and "indigestion," or other digestive complaints usually occur.



Through improved X-ray techniques and other diagnostic aids, the doctor can almost always determine the size and location of an ulcer. If the condition is detected, he will recommend prompt treatment, as an ulcer may quickly undermine general health by interfering with the body's nutritive processes.

Fortunately, in many cases, ulcers can be treated successfully by appropriate dietary measures. The patient must also readjust his daily life so as to reduce mental and emotional strain. In addition, new drugs are proving helpful. Cases that do not respond to either drug or diet therapy are often benefited by surgery.

As a safeguard against ulcers and other digestive diseases, doctors urge immediate medical attention whenever persistent discomfort occurs in the region of the stomach. With prompt medical care, many persons with ulcers and other digestive disorders recover completely and lead normal, healthy lives.

* * * * *

Since emotional factors are often so important in stomach ulcers and other diseases, Metropolitan has published a new booklet called *Emotions and Physical Health*. If you would like a free copy, just clip and mail the coupon below.

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Havana, Puerto Rico, Fort de France,
Pointe à Pitre, Panama, Caracas, Bogota.

Nasser, that he is only a bungler and not a gambler. Now he sits there, where he started to be a nuisance of the world.

MARCUS D. BILDER

Rio de Janeiro

Death of a Liner

Sir: Your very thorough Aug. 6 coverage of the sinking of the *Andrea Doria* brings together many fractional accounts from the newspapers. However, it seems to me that Time Artist R. M. Chapin Jr. needs a little more nautical training, for in the chart he shows the starboard gash but puts it on the port side of the vessel.

CROOM BEATTY III

Birmingham, Ala.

¶ Artist Chapin, no landlubber, undertook a sectional view (to show compartmentation), intended that readers would look through to gash on the far (starboard) side. Not all did.—Ed.

The Puzzling Pandit

Sir: After reading your July 30 cover story on Mr. Nehru, no one can remain unconvinced that, despite wishful belief to the contrary, he is the man to strengthen Communism in India and in some of the other Far Eastern countries—either wittingly or unwittingly. By his sheepish policy towards Russia and China, he has become Communism's No. 1 propagandist.

J. HUSSEIN

Mombasa, Kenya

Sir:

Your cover story was a well-presented semi-biography of a present-day frustrated yet determined Asian. Nehru is characteristic of the insatiable yet unrealistic urge among contemporary Asian leaders to belittle and denounce everything Western in a vain endeavor to exert their new freedom and prove their capabilities.

ALEXANDRA KENNEDY

Philadelphia

Sir: Time's yapping, griping, sniping, one-sided feud with Jawaharlal Nehru surely must set some kind of spite record.

SCOFIELD ISAACS

New York City

Sir:

Your characterization of Prime Minister Nehru of India is hewing close to facts. With certain clarifications of his own point of view added, he might be the first one to congratulate you for showing up his good as well as bad points. He is that kind of man.

J. R. BUCHWALD

Minneapolis

See Naples & Burn

It is hot in Naples. But the temperature rose even higher when your July 30 issue hit the NATO Southern Europe newstands here. I am more than angry. I am appalled! We in NATO at Naples feel that we have played and are playing a part in this achievement; service here may be pleasant, although it is far from the paradise you picture it in "Join the Navy & See Naples."

(S/Sgt.) JAMES E. JARVIS, U.S.A.F.
% Postmaster
New York City

Sir:

I have just returned from 18 months duty overseas, and Naples is not the only place in Europe where service people "take in each

other's washing." Your report enlightens the public on a small part of the biggest hoax ever played on the American taxpayer.

LEONARD I. WERFEL

Newark, N.J.

Sir:

It was with considerable shock I read "Join the Navy & See Naples." It is at best a malicious and distorted representation of the situation.

J. P. AYMOND

Commander, U.S. Navy

Naples, Italy

Sir:

The article elaborating the Navy's wanton and insane waste in Naples should provide them with another abbreviation: GOAT—Grafting Off American Taxpayers.

J. T. CRAYCROFT

Dallas

How It All Began

Sir:

In your July 16 review of *The King and I*, you say it is the fourth version of "the dependable plot" that began in 1944 with Margaret Landon's best-selling novel, *Anna and the King of Siam*. It is in fact the fifth version.

Has everyone forgotten that Anna Leonovs was a real person, and that it all began in 1870 with the publication of her book, *The English Governess at the Siamese Court*? Miss Landon's book was a paraphrase and modernization of this Victorian treasure. Mrs. Leonovs not only taught the heir apparent English, but a sense of justice, so that it was in his reign that slavery in Siam was abolished.

ROSALIND CONSTABLE



Courtesy Mrs. Kenneth Perry London

New York City

¶ For the real Anna, see cut.—Ed.

The Trial of the Corps

Sir:

After reading your accounts of the trial of Sergeant McKeon, tears came to my eyes for the USMC and how absolutely vital it is that they continue to endow grown-up goons with the power of life or death. Let's not get carried away with ourselves—the issue is fundamental: discipline without brutality.

W. W. WALKERFIELD

Minot, N. Dak.

Sir:

You said, "In a larger sense, it was the trial of the Marine Corps and the training methods by which it has turned generations of soft, shambling boys into hard, disciplined fighting men." If a judgment is to be made of the U.S. Marines in the name of justice, please let us not make it on the basis of a tragic incident; let the Corps and the training be judged by their conduct at Iwo, Okinawa, and more recently in Korea. God bless the Marines and their hellish training.

(SGT.) LEO ALBES
USMC (Ret.)

Hackensack, N.J.

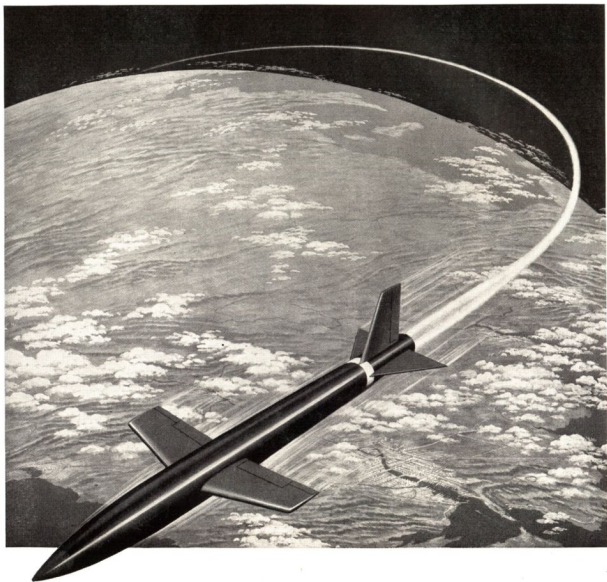
Sir:

I say, along with almost every marine I know: continue the practice—and don't force upon our Corps any significant change in the training of our boots. If you do, the price you'll pay will be a nation measurably weaker.

S. W. BARTLETT

Lieutenant, U.S.M.C.R.

San Francisco



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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

AS the latest Mediter-
ranean crisis, result-
ing from Egypt's seizure
of the Suez Canal, ap-
proaches a climax, TIME's
editors this week give
you a long look at this
part of the world in the
context of history. In
eight pages of four-color
maps, they use a geo-
graphic medium to pro-
vide a concise review of more
than 3,000 years of history, covering
the rise and fall of ancient empires
and modern colonialism around the rim
of the Mediterranean.

Conventional historical maps usually
show only one point in time, but
TIME's R. M. Chapin Jr. managed to
encompass broad spans of time in his
maps and yet keep them easily read-
able. His Roman map, for instance,
ranges from the time of the Punic
Wars through Constantine, and his Is-
lam map from Mohammed to the last
days of the Ottoman Empire.

To supply editors and Cartographer
Chapin with historical dates and data,
Researcher Cecilia Dempster, a Uni-
versity of Edinburgh-trained geogra-
pher who worked for the American
Geographical Society before she joined
TIME in 1953, crammed for three
months. "My biggest problems," she
said, "were to reconcile the different
viewpoints of historians and to locate
ancient boundaries. The Romans, bless
them, very carefully recorded theirs;
the Moslems didn't bother."

This week, with TIME's biggest map
project to date in print, Researcher
Dempster is in Rio, attending the 18th
International Geographical Union.

THE portrait of Duke Ellington is
the first TIME cover by one of the
West's most distinguished artists, New
Mexico's Peter Hurd. A LIFE corre-
spondent during World War II, Hurd
has painted on all five continents, but
the people and scenes he likes best to
portray are the ranch folk, the sun-
blazed desert and the bare mountains



MAP'S DEMPSTER

near his New Mexican
ranch (TIME color page,
Mar. 3, 1952). His pre-
cise tempera paintings
of the U.S. Southwest
and its people are owned
by such leading muse-
ums as New York City's
Metropolitan, Kansas
City's William Rockhill
Nelson and the Nation-
al Gallery in Edinburgh.

For Hurd, a classical-music fan, the
Ellington assignment was his first brush
with the world of jazz. He caught up
with the Duke in San Francisco and
spent the first two days trying to cor-
ner the elusive but affable musician.
"Hi. Hurd. You're the portrait man.
Well, fine. Excuse me, I have to see
that cat over there," Ellington would
say and fade away. But once the por-
trait was started, Ellington liked to
pose as he held court for his innumera-
ble friends in the artist's hotel room.

Said Hurd: "It was an interesting as-
signment. As they say here, 'I wouldn't
have taken for the experience!'"

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

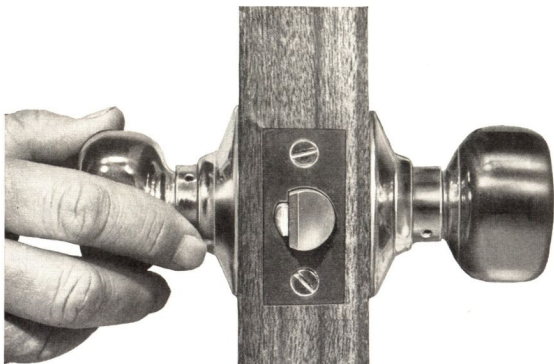


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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Big Noise from Chicago

From Chicago, U.S.A. came a turbulent uproar. In a year when pundits were talking about "the American consensus" and the "reign of moderation," the Democratic immoderates charged full tilt into the nominating arena and set up a clangor that all but drowned out the normal sounds of the nation. The planning for next week's Republican Convention seemed to fall off to a whisper. And even the extraordinary White House meeting of the President, the Secretary of State and congressional leaders on the Suez crisis (see Foreign Relations) took on some aspects of a sideshow because the top Democrats sandwiched it in between their caucuses in the Windy City.

The man at the center of the Big Noise was Harry Truman, thriving on the greatest helping of political attention he has received since upsetting Tom Dewey for the presidency in 1948. He was in Chicago less than three hours before he began cutting into the buttery era of good feeling with a sharp knife. Then, with all his influence as ex-statesman and master politico, he plumped for New York's Governor Averell Harriman for the presidential nomination, gave his presidential word that Harriman's experience could best serve the party and the nation. He spurned Front Runner Adlai Stevenson with something close to contempt when he announced that this was no time for trial-and-error leadership.

The Truman pronouncement hurt Stevenson, who had been well on the way to a first-ballot victory. It strengthened Harriman and pumped new life into his campaign. The chances of a Harriman-Stevenson deadlock improved the odds on dark-horse candidates, particularly Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington and Texas' master of compromise, U.S. Senator Lyndon Johnson.

As for Harry Truman himself, he had staked the prestige of his old age on the proposition that the reign of moderation was nonsense. By his lights (primaries, said he in 1952, are just "eyewash"), a convention is still the place to get political business done, and 1956 is just like any old year except that the Democrats are out of power and he has a candidate that he wants to put in the White House.

DEMOCRATS

Harry's Happy Hour

From the moment he looked down from his train in Chicago and saw Candidate Adlai Stevenson being gouged and elbowed and jostled in the howling platform mob, Harry Truman was in his glory. Before the week was out, Truman had left candidates' headquarters heaped with bitten fingernails



DEMOCRAT TRUMAN
Cracklin' and poppin', on schedule.

and transformed the 1956 Democratic National Convention from a drab dogmat into a race of rare and exhilarating drama.

The jockeying for position with Senior Democrat Truman began at the Dearborn Street station, where Stevenson was anxious to be photographed with Harry while Candidate Averell Harriman was still back in New York. But, as photographers tried to line up the ex-President and the leading candidate, India Edwards, an old Truman friend and a queen bee of the Harriman forces, jumped in between. When Stevenson went this-a-way, so did India. When Stevenson went that-a-way, so did India. Finally, Adlai executed a clever flanking movement and came up alongside Truman while the cameras clicked away. Almost unnoticed was the most important fact of Truman's arrival: his old speechwriter,

Judge Sam Rosenman, now a top Harriman adviser, had sidled up to Truman's side, where he was to remain like an out-sized shadow all week.

Breaking the Bandwagon. After a ten-minute arm's length chat with Stevenson in Truman's Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel suite, Harry Truman held a press conference, and let go kersplat with his first great crusher of the week. "I will,"

he said delightedly, "let the people know for whom I stand before the convention meets." A newsman asked if Truman was just trying to baffle every one. Chortled Harry: "That is exactly right."

Averell Harriman's followers, who had based all their hopes on Truman's backing, took immediate heart at another Truman press conference remark: "I am not a bandwagon fellow. Don't get that in your head." Later, Stevenson's supporters found cause for optimism when Truman appeared before the Democratic Platform Committee and recommended a civil-rights plank along Adlai's moderation lines.

Stirring Up Trouble. For the next two days, Harry Truman had the time of his life while politicians beat a path to his door (hardly a news story came out of Chicago that did not note that Truman was "obviously enjoying himself"). Stevenson visited for 30 minutes, left Truman's inner room looking glum, but turned on a brave smile when he emerged into the corridor. Harriman's headquarters soon got the good word: in his talk with Stevenson, Truman had flatly rejected

1) an endorsement of Adlai, and 2) a neutral stance between Stevenson and Harriman. Harriman aides set about preparing a statement, sent it to Truman by way of Sam Rosenman and retired Adman David Noyes, with the suggestion that Truman use it as the basis for his Harriman endorsement. Twenty-four hours later they learned that he would.

On the morning of his big day, Truman was up at 7 o'clock, strutted along on his morning walk, revelled in his role as star of the Democratic show. Asked a newsman: What did he intend to say at his press conference that afternoon? Beamed Truman: "Nobody knows but me." Had he made up his mind? "Yes," laughed Truman. "I've made up my mind—but I might want to change it." Almost as soon as he returned to the hotel, his visitors began pouring in again. Promised Truman



CANDIDATE JOHNSON MEETS THE PRESS

International



CANDIDATE HARRIMAN ON THE WARPATH

Grey Villet—Life

to one of them, Tennessee's Senator Albert Gore: "I'm going to stir up a little trouble this afternoon."

"Get Out, Sam." The Stevenson followers made desperate eleventh-hour efforts to win Truman back—but they all found Harriman's Sam Rosenman immovably settled in the Truman suite. "We can't get any of our boys in to talk to the old man," mourned a top Stevenson adviser. "That s.o.b. is sitting right there in Truman's lap." All the Stevenson hopes were placed on Truman's Interior Secretary Oscar Chapman, whose political judgment Truman had always trusted. Chapman walked into Truman's suite, saw Sam Rosenman sitting there, dug an elbow deep in Rosenman's heavily larded ribs, and snapped: "Get out of here, Sam. I

want to talk to the President." But by the time Chapman left, he knew Stevenson's jig was up as far as Truman was concerned.

After a brief talk with Texas' Favorite Son Lyndon Johnson (see below), Truman greeted 32 dyed-in-the-courthouse Trumanites whom he calls his "flying squad." Some of the high flyers: ex-National Chairmen Frank McKinney and Bill Boyle, California Oilman Ed Pauley, former White House Assistant Donald (Deepfreeze) Dawson, onetime Senate Secretary Les Biffle, ex-White House Secret Service Chief Frank Barry, Sam Rosenman, Dave Noyes, and Irish Senator Phil Regan. Said Truman: "In five minutes I'm going down and announce for Harriman. I want you fellows to go get this job done. I'm not doing this with my

tongue in my cheek. I mean it. I want you fellows to go to work."*

Then Harry Truman marched into the Sheraton-Blackstone's Crystal Ballroom, faced the overflow crowd and grinned as though he had lived his life for that moment.

"The Man Best Qualified," He would, he said, read his handwritten statement twice. After the first time, the newsmen "who feel like they want to break a leg to get to the telephone may do so." The second reading would be for "the slow-motion boys." As flashbulbs blazed around Truman, he told photographers: "You fel-

* Growled Harry to an old crony several months ago: "Why, if Stevenson is ever elected, he won't let us inside the White House."



SENATOR KEFAUVER & FRIEND

Cornell Capa—Life



SENATOR HUMPHREY HITS TOWN

Associated Press



SENATOR KENNEDY & GREETERS

Frank Scherschel—Life



CANDIDATE SYMINGTON & WIFE

lows quit. You've had enough now." Then, savoring every word, he began to read: "This statement is dated August 11, 1956, at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, Chicago time."

The first big hint came when Truman said caustically: "I have little faith in the value of the bandwagon operation nor in the reliability of polls—political polls." Truman made his decision even more obvious with the words: "I realize that my expression of a choice at this time will cause disappointment in some and may cause resentment in others, but against the mounting crises in the world, I know that this convention must name a man who has the experience and the ability to act as President immediately upon assuming that office, without risking a period of costly and dangerous trial and error."

Then, his eyes glinting as he headed into the fight, Harry Truman spoke the magic words: "I believe that the man best qualified to be the next President of the U.S. is Governor Harriman of New York . . . I know him, and you can depend on him."

The Man Who Waited

All through the primaries and preliminaries, Lyndon Johnson had acted for all the world like a man who hoped to get his name mentioned on television as one of the half a dozen or so favorite-son candidates at the Democratic Convention. He stuck to his Senate knitting, went back to Texas to loll under the sun on his LBJ Ranch at Stonewall, Texas, made little if any effort to round up delegates outside the \$6 pledged to him from his home state. But last week—on the very day that Harry Truman threw the convention into an uproar—Lyndon Johnson strode into the center of the presidential ring.

Johnson's sudden move came when he appeared, bronzed and buoyant, before newsmen at a press conference at the



CANDIDATE STEVENSON GETS RAIN-OR-SHINE ESCORT INTO HEADQUARTERS

Conrad Hilton. Asked almost unbelievably if he was really a "serious" candidate, Johnson set pencils to scribbling furiously. If, said Lyndon Johnson, the Democratic delegates should decide "they would like me to be their standard-bearer, I will do my duty." Johnson, the victim of a heart attack last summer, made it clear he thought his health was no handicap. Said he: "I have been putting in 15- and 16-hour days every day, including Saturday, during the last weeks of Congress." Did he consider Adlai Stevenson or Averell Harriman the best candidate? Replied Johnson: "The best candidate at the moment is Lyndon Johnson."

"In your experience in politics," a reporter asked, "do you recall any serious contender for a nomination who did not seek delegates from outside his own state?" Johnson's answer was firm: "You don't always have to seek something in order to get it."

He may have been right—for that afternoon Johnson received a summons from Harry Truman to come on the double. Galloping to Truman's suite, Johnson found Harry ready to leave for his climactic news conference. Said Harry to

After the Twist

In Suite 408 of the Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel, Averell Harriman and his lieutenants sat looking at the face of Harry Truman on their television screen. When Truman named Harriman as his Democratic candidate, Ave glowed all over, murmured: "This is marvelous." Forty-five minutes later, Averell Harriman, wearing a grin so wide that it almost could be seen from behind, came out to face television himself. Making small clucking sounds all during his statement, Harriman exulted: "I am deeply moved by this mark of confidence from my old boss."

In the Royal Skyway suite of the Con-

rad Hilton Hotel, Adlai Stevenson and his lieutenants sat looking at the face of Harry Truman on their screen. When Truman said the Democrats should name the candidate with greatest experience in foreign affairs, Adlai grunted, reached for his pencil and pad, began taking notes. Fifty-five minutes later, Stevenson fought his way through a crush of humanity to his downstairs headquarters, paid strained but polite respects to Harry Truman, and said: "I expect to be the Democratic nominee."

Steadfast Bastard. Thus last week did Harry S. Truman, the snappin', cracklin', poppin' man from Missouri (TIME, Aug. 13), bring the 1956 Democratic Convention to life by twisting all the previous political equations. With Truman's twist, many Democrats were torn, e.g., Truman Biographer Jonathan Daniels of North Carolina, asked by Harry to support Harriman, replied mournfully: "I feel like a bastard at the family reunion. After you announced that you wouldn't run in 1952, you told me to go out and get Adlai Stevenson to run. Stevenson is still running, and I'm still running for Stevenson."

Although there were no immediate, crashing switches from Stevenson to Harriman, there were tremors in several delegations. Washington State, previously counted at 21 for Stevenson, five for Harriman, erupted when Delegation Chairman Henry P. Carstensen, already a Harriman man, declared that Truman's statement had had a "terrific impact" and left the delegation split even. Furious Stevenson delegates from Washington denied Carstensen's statement, began talking about ousting him as their chairman.

Hopeful Sons. Truman's announcement had the greatest immediate effect on the favorite-son candidacies. Southerners, who had been leaning toward Stevenson as a lesser evil than Harriman, began talking about the possibility that a truly conservative candidate might have a chance. Texas' Johnson moved into the convention forefront, with Missouri's Symington also looming large. The Ohio delegation, previously poised to jump from Favorite Son Frank Lausche to Stevenson, took another look, tentatively decided to stay with Lausche for a while. Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams, strong in his control of 44 big delegate votes, soared into a highly strategic position. New Jersey's Governor Robert Meyner, with his uncommitted delegation of 36 votes, became highly popular. Even Kentucky's clownish Governor "Happy" Chandler thought he had a sounder basis for his boast that "if Stevenson and Harriman get into a deadlock and it goes beyond the second ballot, then I've got a better chance than anyone else." In fact, the only man that Harry Truman really ruined was Tennessee's Estes Kefauver, who had used up his arm in a sand-lot game last fortnight and, beyond doing what he could to keep his delegates with Stevenson, had little left for the big pitch.

This week all the top Democrats were

working—and some were praying. Harry Truman talked to Meyner and two outright Stevensonians: New York's Senator Herbert Lehman and Eleanor Roosevelt. Both Stevenson and Harriman appeared before the 26-vote Arkansas delegation (whose chairman, Governor Orval Faubus, said later that Arkansas was uncommitted but still leaning to Stevenson). Harriman and Stevenson went to church, and it was there that Stevenson got an unkind cut: Fourth Presbyterian Church Pastor Calvin Devries chose for his text the words: "Thou has beset me behind and before and laid thine hand upon me."

Smite 'Em!

The Democratic high command passed up a chance to do some political backscratching when it picked the convention keynoter for 1956, instead settled on a man judged to be the party's liveliest young speaker: Tennessee's 36-year-old Governor Frank Clement. Frank Clement, student of the great orators, youthful master of the spread-eagle style of public speaking, clutched the assignment like a vice-presidential nomination, checked out his ideas with party leaders, e.g., Missouri's Harry Truman, Georgia's Richard Russell and Texas' Lyndon Johnson, as he whipped up his speech. He made dry runs on Kinescope film to test his delivery, buffed and polished each polysyllabic pearl of syntax and rhetoric before his pretty blonde wife. This week he was ready with a keynote speech that was charged with a rare potential of metaphor, simile and alliteration, borrowed

liberally from orators ranging from Cicero to Daniel Webster to Billy Graham.

Sideshow Scramble. "How long, O how long," he cried, "shall these Republican outrages endure? How long, O how long will Americans permit the national welfare to be pounced upon at home and gambled abroad? How long, O how long will Republican roustabouts engage in a sideshow scramble for power and privilege?"* He dedicated the Democratic cause to the Greater Glory of God, invoked shades of Woodrow Wilson ("that great humanitarian and idealist") and Franklin Roosevelt ("He sat there in his wheelchair taller than his critics could stand"), called upon Americans to "rise up as one man and smite down those money-changers who have invaded and violated the people's temple of justice."

The Democrats were met in Chicago, said Clement, to plan for the happy hour when the "party of privilege and pillage passes over the Potomac in the greatest water-crossing since the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea." The evacuation "will be an astronomer's dream of shooting stars, for this trek will have generals to the right of them, generals to the left of them, and generals in front of them as these old soldiers fold their tents and just fade away." Clement conjured up florid images of Eisenhower, a genial, glamorous and affable general who had joined the Republican Party after he had reached the age for retirement from the Regular Army, and of Richard Nixon, "the Vice-Hatchetman slinging slander and spreading half-truths while the top man peers down from the green fairways of indifference." Dwight Eisenhower, cried Clement, "cannot Jim Hagertize his way through this whole campaign."

Giveaways, Grab & Greed. Clement bowled alliterative strikes on the Republicans in all alleys. He attacked Ike's haphazard conduct of foreign affairs "while Foster fiddles, fritters, frets and flits." He accused the Administration of "corruption in high places, involving an unprecedented spree of giveaways, grab and greed." He said U.S. agriculture had been "devitalized by the G.O.P. and Bensonized by Ezra B." and he called out to the farmer: "Come on home before it's too late. Your lands are studded with the white skulls and crossbones of broken Republican promises."

And, as was natural, fitting and proper for the nation's foremost political evangelist, Clement wound up with a plea and a prayer. "Whoever you are—wherever you are—whether you consider yourself a Democrat, a Republican or an Independent—be you Catholic, Protestant or Jew—of one race, creed, color or another—this is your fight: and the least you can do is get down on your knees in your own way and pray to the one God for guid-

* Cicero in the Roman Senate, 63 B.C.: "How far will you abuse our patience, Catiline? How long will this madness of yours make sport of us? How far will your insolence carry you?" etc., etc.



Cornell Copia—LIFE

KEYNOTER CLEMENT
"How long, O how long?"

ance . . . As loyal Americans, lovers of freedom, [we must] engage in this campaign to restore the people to power in Washington, chanting in unison the hymn of inevitable victory." The hymn:

*Precious Lord—
Take our hand—
Lead us on!*

Muted Thunder

As it must whenever and wherever Democrats gather, the civil-rights issue hung heavily over Chicago last week. But although the thunder rumbled and dark clouds gathered along the horizon, the lightning did no serious damage, at least none up to convention's eve. In the week before the Democratic National Convention began, there were simply too many lightning rods around to divert it.

Tall among them, in spite of a blunder that early in the week threatened to bring high-voltage bolts crashing down around him, was Adlai Stevenson. In a curbstone television interview, Stevenson nearly threw away months of patient missionary work among Southern Democrats by saying he believed that the party platform "should express unequivocal approval of the [Supreme] Court's decision." Next night the interview appeared on film, and the Southerners blazed. But before the boss could be undone by forthright words, Stevenson aides sold the South all over again on the premise that Adlai is indeed a man of moderation, would not repeat his inflammatory words.

Even while Stevenson's lines were being repaired, other lightning rods were functioning. The Platform Committee, headed by Massachusetts' Congressman John McCormack, an old hand at managing political compromises, steered carefully clear of showdown situations. McCormack appointed a Civil Rights Subcommittee composed mostly of moderates on both sides. And he got some unexpected help in his work from Harry Truman, who told the committee that he thought the 1948 and 1952 civil-rights planks were just about right.*

The most effective lightning rod of them all turned out to be a Southerner: Mississippi's Governor James Plemmon Coleman. Husky, affable Governor Coleman, who learned how to handle extremists in his home state, kept his head when the thunder began to rumble at Chicago. Under his steady hand, Platform Committee Southerners sat silent, although glum, through a parade of outspokenly civil-righteous witnesses, e.g., A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, who demanded that "the Democratic Party must declare that it is not in favor of thwarting a decision of the Supreme Court."

Then McCormack's hand-picked moder-

* In 1948 and again four years later, the Democrats pledged themselves to seek equal protection of the laws and equal economic and political opportunities for all citizens. The 1952 platform added "equal opportunities for education."



MISSISSIPPI'S COLEMAN (CENTER) & SOUTHERN FRIENDS*
Lightning rods stopped a lightning bolt.

ates on the subcommittee retired to hammer out the plank. No one familiar with the unpredictable Democrats was willing to guess what shape it would take. But one thing was certain: civil-rights thunder was going to continue to mutter over the Democrats for a long time to come.

REPUBLICANS

Peace, It's Wonderful

In San Francisco last week as top advance man for the Republican Convention, G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall strolled one day into a press conference. What, asked a reporter, was on Hall's mind? "Nothing," said Hall comfortably. "What's on yours?"

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Report on Suez

While party politics popped behind them, a handful of Democratic members of Congress reluctantly left their Chicago meetings early this week, boarded an Air Force plane sent to fetch them and flew to Washington for a special briefing on U.S. attitudes on the world's gravest international problem. At the White House, they were ushered into the Cabinet Room for an 80-minute bipartisan discussion about the Suez Canal.

In summoning House Speaker Sam Rayburn and Minority Leader Joe Martin, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, Minority Leader William Knowland and foreign relations leaders in both houses, the President sought no commitments. He had no immediate plan to call a special session of Congress during its pre-election recess. Instead, the group had been assembled to hear the issues dis-

cussed by John Foster Dulles before he flew to London for this week's Suez conference, and to get some idea of how grave the situation is.

Though Britain and France had alerted naval vessels, and Britain had sent troops winging into the Mediterranean area for a show of force against Egypt's Nasser, the U.S. does not want to use troops in a Suez flare-up, instead has been busy cautioning impatient allies and seeking peaceful routes toward settlement. The policy had for the moment succeeded; when the 22 nations sit down to discuss the Suez, there would be less emphasis on threats, more on finding a base for negotiations, including the adept suggestions this week of Gamal Nasser himself (see FOREIGN NEWS). Though he had small hope of a real decision in London, Dulles saw the conference there as at least an important forum of free discussion. Yet neither the U.S. nor any other nation attending seemed able to offer a next step if the conference failed.

Heading back to the caucus rooms in Chicago or their bailiwicks across the U.S., the 22 legislators attending the briefing had one important point to remember. Though the U.S., as President Eisenhower had expressed it at his press conference last week, hopes that "good sense will prevail," there was grave danger that it might not. And if peaceful approaches do not resolve the Suez crisis, the nation—politics-happy Democrats and Republicans included—might be faced squarely with the necessity of surveying sterner measures.

* From left: Tennessee's Albert Gore, North Carolina's Sam Ervin, New Mexico's Clinton Anderson.

"The Authentic American Center"

WHILE he was propped up in a Walter Reed Hospital bed recovering from his ileitis operation, Dwight Eisenhower read and reread a meaty, 210-page volume entitled *A Republican Looks at His Party* (Harper; \$2.95). Author: Arthur Larson, onetime Rhodes scholar, law-school dean (University of Pittsburgh), expert on workmen's compensation laws and social security, now, at 46, Eisenhower's own Under Secretary of Labor. So impressed was the President that when he returned to the White House, he summoned Author Larson—whom he had met only casually—to a private talk, had him back again and again. Last week a newsman asked Ike at his press conference what the two men were discussing. Enigmatically the President said that he could tell, but would not, brushed off the question by explaining, "he is one of my assistants, and when I want to talk with him, why, he comes in."

What they discuss when Larson reports to the Chief Executive are the specifics of a job both want to accomplish: translating the Larson explanation of Ike's crusade into his campaign speeches. For the President was impressed not only by Larson's reasoning, but also by the rippling clarity with which he expressed some powerful new ideas about modern-day U.S. politics.

Changed Facts. The heart of Larson's argument is that Dwight Eisenhower's balanced "New Republicanism" is successful because it recognizes a mid-20th century postulate: despite old party labels, most Americans have gravitated toward basic agreement on fundamental issues, toward the moderate approach to government. The Republicans, Independents and Democrats who voted Ike into office are massed at an "Authentic American Center." At the center, they recognize that the facts of political life have changed. Items:

¶ Since there is no longer a national depression or national war emergency, there is no need for strong government centralization.

¶ Unemployment has dropped; what unemployment there is today is specially or locally caused and requires special or local remedy.

¶ Capital no longer comes from great personal fortunes but from withheld earnings of corporations, from trust, insurance and pension funds and from publicly issued securities.

¶ Labor no longer is a disinherited, propertyless minority, but comprises the majority of Americans. Labor and management now bargain from relative-



REPUBLICAN LARSON

ly equal strength; government intervention only prevents or delays bona fide bargaining and settlement.

¶ The economy has shifted from agrarian to industrial; technological changes on the farm have changed the essential status of the farmer and made his problems similar to those of other businesses.

For all these reasons a new approach to government is necessary, says Larson. But the forces at the Authentic American Center are bucked by two other groups: 1) "the 1896 school," which stands for unregulated private enterprise, is antilabor and indifferent to the individual; and 2) "the 1936 school," which is hostile to private enterprise, oversolicitous of labor and sensitive to individual needs—but sometimes only from a distance and in the mass. The New Republicanism can hold the center for a considerable time; the Democratic Party, since it ranges from ultraradicalism to ultraconservatism, is not structurally set up to gain it. But the Democrats could win the center by nominating a presidential candidate who "took over the formula of the great middle way" at the same time the Republicans nominated an extreme conservative. Writes Larson: "The man who holds the center holds a position of almost unbeatable strength."

Awake at the Switch. Fast-rising Arthur Larson was born a Republican in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. At Oxford University he took first-class honors, won a rowing oar that still accompanies him from job to job. He taught law at Tennessee and Cornell, during World War II served with the Foreign Economic Administration. In Washington after V-E day, he watched returning General Dwight D. Eisenhower ride up Pennsylvania Avenue in a victory parade. Larson flipped on his car radio to hear the general address Congress, remembers that "it went right through me. I was an Eisenhower man from then on."

In the months ahead, Ike-man Larson will find a use for his dedication helping New Republican Eisenhower hold the Authentic American Center in an authentic American election year.

THE PRESIDENCY

Waiting for the Bell

Theoretically, it was time to get some work done around the White House. Congress was gone from Washington, the national political eye was on Chicago, and there were plenty of pending problems ranging all the way from Suez to the 1958 budget. But problems or no, President Eisenhower was acting like a championship fighter waiting impatiently in his dressing room for an end to the political preliminaries and the main event bell.

Early in the week he went before the cameras for his two-minute stint in a 27-minute Republican campaign movie (*Peace, Progress and Prosperity—A Report to the People*), which will be spotted on TV and at political rallies starting next month. Intermittently, he checked arrangements for the Republican National Convention; harking back to an impressive prayer he had heard in Harrisburg, Pa. during the 1952 campaign,² he personally selected the Rev. John B. Williams, mellifluous pastor of Harrisburg's big Negro Second Baptist Church, to deliver an invocation in San Francisco. Cheerfully he approved a tentative schedule that puts him (and Mamie) in San Francisco next Wednesday evening, calls for an acceptance speech on Thursday, and grants three or four days' vacation at posh Cypress Point on California's Monterey Peninsula.

At his midweek press conference he was the alert, sure-footed Eisenhower of old, as he sparred with the 207 correspondents on domestic questions. A reporter asked if he had become a Republican in 1951 with the same intentions as those of a woman who "marries a man to reform him," Ike grinned, said no. What he had "very definitely thought" was that, "after one party had been in Washington 20 years . . . that party was really incapable of straightening out" the abuses that were the products of its long tenure. In 1956, Ike predicted in a frankly partisan stance, the Republican platform will reflect "some reorientation" toward "those principles, policies and programs" that will help it in "rebuilding its strength and vigor."

Stepping nimbly through details of the bipartisan congressional defeat of the school construction bill (Time, July 16), he left the impression that he primarily blamed "a lot of Democrats"—"they not only killed my bill but they helped to kill their own." He conceded that rising steel prices present an inflation "danger sign," promised that the Administration would watch the problem "closely every day." He snorted at a suggestion that his soil-bank program was a device to buy farm votes, blamed Congress for not

² Excerpts: "We have been looking in the face of hypocrisy and corruption in high places . . . Grant us this day . . . the courage to place men in control of our Government who will adhere to the principles of our Constitution . . . Restore to this nation a sense of its heritage and destiny . . . so that our children will . . . grow up and enjoy life . . . facing the realities of one world of nations working with God . . ."

passing it early enough to be of more use in 1956.

Asked if he thought the Republican platform should endorse the Supreme Court decision on school desegregation, he said he didn't know, but pointed out that he himself was "sworn to uphold the Constitution." Then, in defending the slow progress of desegregation, he had a comforting word for the South: "Let's never forget this: from 1896 to 1954, the school pattern of the South was built up in what they thought was absolute accordance with the law, with the Constitution of the United States, because that's what the [separate-but-equal] decision was."

When the conference was almost over with no mention of his health,* Ike himself seized an opportunity to bring up the subject, volunteered that before the election he will have another physical examination. "If at any time I have any reason to believe that I am not fit, as I believe myself to be now, I will come before the American public and tell them." The same day, as though to prove that he was back in form, he played nine holes of golf at Burning Tree (walking through three, riding his electric cart through six), reported later that he felt "very well."

Last week the President also:
 ☐ Brought to at least a temporary end the exchange of disarmament correspondence between himself and Soviet Premier Nikolai A. Bulganin. Replying to Bulganin's most recent letters, Ike rejected—by ignoring it—the Russian proposal that Russia and the U.S. reduce their forces in Germany, accused the Communists of bad faith in failing to live up to their Geneva "agreements" to reunite Germany. In a pointed reference to the Stalin-debunking campaign, Ike said the Soviet was to be praised for its efforts "to eradicate some of the evils of an earlier period," but until international projections of those evils were also eliminated, there was little hope for disarmament.

☐ Completed action, 72 hours before the Aug. 13 deadline, on the 280 bills that the second session of the 84th Congress left behind it. To the surprise of most Congressmen, he vetoed a bill authorizing a \$1.6 billion harbors and rivers program (the first veto of this congressional pork barrel since Franklin Roosevelt slapped down a similar bill in 1940) because 32 of the 113 proposed projects had not been visited by Army engineers.

☐ Visited at the White House with Amintore Fanfani, secretary of Italy's Christian Democratic Party.

☐ Played host to SHAPE Boss Alfred Gruenther, home to report on the affairs of his NATO command in Europe.

* On the theme of Ike's health, Eleanor Roosevelt told New York *Timesman* Clayton Knowles last week that Franklin Roosevelt's concern about his own health had no part in his decision to drop Henry Wallace as his running mate in 1944. Aside from a heart weakened by fatigue, she said, F.D.R.'s chief complaints were a special susceptibility to germs and a nose and throat difficulty.

POLITICAL NOTES

Hall's Fall

"Never before in our state," said Kansas' Republican Governor Fred Hall, after his election in 1954, "has a governor owed so little to so few and so much to so many." His meaning was clear: the people of Kansas had elected a spellbinding, brilliant politician on his own merits, and the governor owed nothing to the Old Guard Republican organization. Owing nothing, he would give nothing.

Last week the sharpshooting young (40) governor found he had fallen wide

meddling and muddling in legislative affairs ("I am the governor") stirred deep resentment. When Hall called recalcitrant legislators "s.o.b.s." to their faces during a bitter legislative rubarb early this year, the insulted lawmakers formed an "S.O.B. Club" to campaign against him. Kansas did a belly laugh, and thin-skinned Fred Hall was the victim.

Homespun Web. Against this grimly mirthful background, plodding, modest Warren Shaw ("Nobody's a worse speaker than I am") announced against Hall, despite the tradition that Kansas nominates its Republican governors for a sec-



KANSAS' SHAW & FAMILY
Taps for the One-Man Band.

Harold V. Lyle—Topeka Daily Capital

of the mark. In a hotly contested primary election, the "many" dumped Fred Hall from the copper-domed State Capitol, sidetracked his frank hopes to parlay Kansas popularity into an eventual trip to Washington.

Fast-Blooming Sunflower. To reddish-blond Boy Wonder Hall, his defeat by State Representative Warren Shaw came as a sharp sting. Only a year ago, national columnists were extolling Hall's brand of "Eisenhower Republicanism," his pro-labor veto of a hotly disputed right-to-work bill, his militant demands on behalf of the farmer, his prunings of deadwood in the State House. Fast-blooming Sunflower Fred Hall was a man on the rise.

But regular Kansas Republicans make their moves slowly; they abhor violent change. Stunned by Hall's ax-wielding and pro-labor actions, they assessed the situation silently, then began moving Kansas and earth to throw the upstart out. Hall's right-to-work veto drew the wrath of the powerful Kansas City *Star*; his purge of old friends in the State Civil Service Board brought suspicious frowns; his

and term. With tradition and the labor vote behind him, Fred Hall was far from worried. But labor had its mind mostly on the Democratic primary (see below), hardly at all on Hall; industrial Sedgwick County (Wichita) gave Shaw 3,500 more votes than Hall, Shawnee County (Topeka) went to Shaw by 3,200. The final unofficial vote: Shaw 156,300, Hall 123,000.

One of Hall's annoyed early backers summed up the why of the defeat: "He wanted to play every instrument in the band and lead it too." Countered Fred Hall: "I am the perfect example of the Republican who followed the Eisenhower orthodoxy right down the line, against the Old Guard, and got caught in the web." Like many another Hall pronouncement, this smacked of oversimplification. Most Kansans agreed that the web was made largely of arrogance, and Fred Hall had spun it himself.

While most eyes were on the brisk Hall-Shaw fight in the G.O.P., the Democratic gubernatorial primary candidates in

Kansas were tooth-and-nailing furiously. The winner, Lawrence Banker George Docking, 52. By a narrow margin of fewer than 900 votes, he defeated Harry Hines Woodring, 66, who had served as Kansas' fourth Democratic governor (1931-33) and as khaki-dab Secretary of War under Franklin D. Roosevelt (1936-40). Despite the record Democratic vote (151,000), few Kansans reckoned that the G.O.P. was in any trouble. Shaw's 156,300 votes were more than Docking's and Woodring's combined.

No Soap?

For eight frustrating years, Michigan's feud-racked Republicans have vainly sought a way to wash bubbling, New-Dealing G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams out of the governor's office. Finally, they thought they had found the formula and the man for the job. The formula: run someone against Williams who can whittle down his big edge in A.F.L.-C.I.O.-dominated Wayne County (Detroit), where approximately half of Michigan's voters live. The man: Detroit's respected mayor, Albert E. Cobo, 62, who in 20 years of public life has never lost an election. But before Cobo could take on Williams, he had to prove himself by running his first partisan race against the 1954 G.O.P. gubernatorial nominee, former police commissioner Donald S. Leonard.

In last week's primary Cobo won the 1956 nomination, rolled up 349,228 votes to Leonard's 158,203. On the Democratic ballot, the 45-year-old Williams, who thrashed Leonard with equal ease in the 1954 general election, got 418,432 votes in running unopposed for an unprecedented fifth term. Republican leaders found some comfort in the fact that in 75 of 144 key Detroit precincts—accurately used in the past to forecast election trends—Cobo ran well ahead of the 1954 G.O.P. ticket. To win in November, say the Republicans hopefully, Cobo needs only 40% of the Wayne County vote; Williams' weakness in predominantly Republican outstate Michigan will do the rest.

SEQUELS

In Disaster's Wake

The collision at sea between *Andrea Doria* and *Stockholm* directly involved some 2,000 people, but the details of how and why it happened were secrets known only to a handful of officers aboard both



DETROIT'S MAYOR COBO
A promising deterrent.

ships. Last week both sides finally told their stories—stories that differed so wildly on basic facts that they raised more questions than they answered.

The Swedish Case. *Stockholm*, by her version, was cruising easterly at 18 knots on the night of July 25. She sailed a moderate sea with little wind and a shining moon. Though other ships reported fog off Nantucket that night, *Stockholm* insisted that "although there was a haze on the horizon, visibility was good." The liner's radar, "operating perfectly," indicated another vessel ten miles off. Soon *Andrea Doria* came into sight two miles away. "Although the vessels were in a position to pass safely port to port, red to red, *Stockholm* went to starboard to give even greater passing distance. *Andrea Doria*, however, suddenly closed out her red light, showed her green light and veered sharply to her own left, or port, at undiminished speed, turning across the bow of *Stockholm*. *Stockholm* immediately went hard right and full astern, but it was impossible to avoid collision."

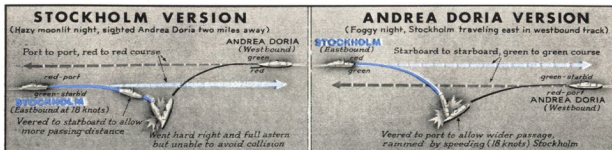
Pinning blame for the collision squarely on sunken *Andrea Doria*, *Stockholm* charged that the Manhattan-bound Italian liner was not properly manned or equipped, failed to keep a proper lookout,

was proceeding at excessive speed, had faulty radar protection, failed to sound required signals, and "suddenly and unexpectedly and without warning veered across the path of *Stockholm* and into collision with *Stockholm*."

The Italian Case. The Italian Line denied that the moon was visible or the range of visibility was two miles. The night was "dark and foggy," and *Andrea Doria*, when her radar picked up *Stockholm*, was sounding regulation fog signals. *Andrea Doria's* radar indicated that *Stockholm* would pass clear to starboard; *Andrea Doria* altered to port for greater clearance. "Thereafter, *Stockholm's* lights loomed out of the fog off *Andrea Doria's* starboard bow, whereupon her [*Andrea Doria's*] rudder was put hard left, and she sounded two short blasts of her whistle, indicating she was altering course to port. No whistle signal was heard from *Stockholm*, and shortly thereafter, her stem struck *Andrea Doria* on the starboard side near the bridge."

Blaming *Stockholm* for the crash, the Italian Line charged that the Swedish ship failed to keep a good lookout or make effective use of her radar, was proceeding at immoderate speed through the fog, failed to stop engines after hearing *Andrea Doria's* fog signal forward of her beam, altered course to starboard without ascertaining the course and position of *Andrea Doria*, failed to sound proper whistle signals, failed to stop and reverse engines when the danger of collision became apparent, and was proceeding eastward in the path of westbound vessels.

As it outlined its case, the Swedish American Line petitioned Manhattan's Federal District Court to limit *Stockholm's* liability to the value of ship and cargo (\$3,021,655). The Italian Line countered with a \$25 million damage suit against the Swedes. At week's end \$3,000,000 in other suits had been filed against the companies, and more were coming. *Stockholm* was in a Brooklyn repair yard, where close to 40 ft. of mangled bow was being cut away and a new bow fitted (cost: \$995,000). In Rome the Italian Line signed a contract with *Andrea Doria's* builders for a bigger, faster, roomier liner with another name to replace her. But still the big question remained: Would anyone ever know who was to blame in the incredible disaster (TIME, Aug. 6) that now counts a toll of 25 dead, 25 missing?



FOREIGN NEWS

SUEZ

To Teach a Lesson

From all parts of the globe this week, foreign ministers of the world's major maritime powers converged on London. They were answering a summons from Britain, France and the U.S. to seek ways and means of countering Egypt's seizure of the Suez Canal. But many among the 22 powers were plainly sympathetic to Egypt. As for Egypt's dictator, Gamal Abdel Nasser, he refused to come at all.

Under such circumstances, what were the chances of stopping Nasser, or of teaching him a lesson?

The will was still there—in Britain, France and (as long as the method chosen was peaceful) in the U.S. But the way was not clear. Search as they might, the legal beagles of Downing Street, Quai d'Orsay and Foggy Bottom could find no legal challenge to Nasser's nationalization of what was in fact an Egyptian company. What they challenged firmly was the way Nasser did it—precipitantly, without negotiation—and why he did it: "To arouse Arab nationalism."

The very convoking of the conference diminished the first angry passions, giving time for cooler thoughts and, for some, colder feet. British and French politicians reconsidered their shows of militancy and, though not excluding the possibility of force, recognized that without further explanations, the world would not be on their side. Sir Anthony Eden made a somber radio-television broadcast to his countrymen. Said Sir Anthony: "This is a matter of life and death to us all. It may be said: Why is it so terrible to nationalize a company? It was done here. That is perfectly true, but it was done . . . to our own British industry. Colonel Nasser's action is entirely different. He has taken over the international company without consultation and without consent."

"Some people say Colonel Nasser has promised not to interfere with shipping passing through the canal. Why therefore don't we trust him? The answer is simple: look at his record. Our quarrel is not with Egypt, still less with the Arab world. It is with Colonel Nasser."

"When he obtained power in Egypt, we felt no hostility towards him. On the contrary, we made agreements with him . . . Instead of meeting us with friendship, Colonel Nasser has conducted a vicious propaganda campaign against our country . . . And now he has torn up all

his country's promises toward the Suez Canal Company . . . The pattern is familiar to many of us, my friends. We all know it is how fascist governments behave, and we all remember only too well what the cost can be in giving in to fascism. We do not seek a solution by force . . . But this I must make plain: we cannot agree that an act of plunder

grateful to Dulles for having postponed a hasty solution by force. In the *London Times*, veteran Diplomat Anthony Eden got a lesson in diplomacy from one of his former diplomats, Sir Ralph Stevenson (until last year British Ambassador to Egypt). "Action which would result in a legacy of ill will would defeat our object," wrote Stevenson. "And in politics

it is never wise to leave the opposition with no loophole of escape from an untenable position." Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskill emphasized that the only kind of military action he would accept must not be unilateral, but under the United Nations.

"No Commitments." By this point the chief effect of the headline threats of Britain and France had been to arouse mounting international pressure against any attempt to settle the Suez crisis by force. John Foster Dulles repeated: the U.S. had made "no commitments of any kind" as to what it would do if war should come. Four days later Dwight Eisenhower declared that the Suez dispute was "one of those things that just has to be settled, and I would like to point out that damage and destruction is no settlement."

The "nonwhite" nations of the world lined up against Britain and France in a virtually solid front. Iraq, Britain's strongest ally in the Middle East, announced that it "stands beside Egypt." And from New Delhi, Indian Prime Minister Nehru sharply chided the "warlike gestures" of Britain and France.

On Notice. Under the combined barrages of so many critics, the British and French governments began to temper their words. Simultaneously, Britain, France and the U.S. circulated among the London conference nations a plan for internationalization of the Suez Canal. Its chief provisions:

❑ Operation of the canal by a nonprofit international body with full control over finances, maintenance and development.

❑ An increased share of canal revenues for Egypt.

❑ Fair compensation to Suez Canal Company shareholders.

This proposal was perhaps the minimum the conference sponsors could exact and still claim to have exerted a check on Nasser. Unhappily, the London conference nations seemed unlikely to reach a reasonable measure of agreement on this or any other plan. India had, in effect, served notice that she would oppose any solution unacceptable to Nasser—and internationalization certainly would



EGYPT'S NASSER
"We must keep our dignity."

International

which threatens the livelihood of many nations shall be allowed to succeed."

Declaration of Enmity. That was not the language of force, but in the cadences of diplomacy it was almost as severe. Eden had taken his nation far out on a limb: after such talk Britain had either to pressure Nasser into backing down or compromising or it had to work to bring him down, by whatever method it could. The alternative for Britain was a disastrous loss of international prestige. On second thoughts, some British editorialists (though not all; see cartoon) were



World Copyright: By Arrangement with The Manchester Guardian
 "SSH! NOT IN ELECTION YEAR!"

be just that. Russia had made it clear that her principal purpose in participating was to fish in troubled waters (see below).

Four Bullets. All the while, Egypt's Nasser played his cards adroitly. Determined not to give Britain and France clear justification for occupation of the Canal Zone, the Egyptian dictator scrupulously refrained from any interference with canal traffic (766 ships had passed through since the seizure), even went to the lengths of permitting passage of two Israeli-chartered vessels. In an onrush of doubt he conferred hour after hour with the Russian and U.S. ambassadors (separately). He also went conspicuously to see a Jane Russell movie, to show how unworried he was. Simultaneously, he tightened his hold on his countrymen with constant reminders that they are citizens of a threatened nation. In a move which had little military but great propaganda value, Nasser decreed the formation of a new "Liberation Army," a kind of home guard composed of National Guard units, members of youth groups, lady volunteers and other civilians. At a rifle-practice demonstration, Education Minister Kamal el Din Hussein, commander of the new organization, struck the proper keynote by firing off four symbolic bullets, one each for "imperialism, Israel, Britain and France," (The U.S. by now was being regarded as almost on the Egyptian side; no longer did the censored Egyptian press print stories about Point Four supplying Egypt with "diseased chickens, goats and bulls.")

"Collective Colonialism." As Nasser knew (or was well advised by the Russians), the appearance of moderation on his part at this point was the best way of deflating angry passions in Britain and France. Complained a British Laborite: "Nasser's behaving like an Anglo-Saxon—we're behaving like Arabs." Nasser's big moment was a press conference this week, attended by 300 newsmen, to announce his decision not to go to London. This was not the screaming, mob-quieting Nasser but a conservatively dressed, quiet-spoken legalist, who pointed out that "the Egyptian government noticed to its complete surprise that the British government extended the invitations for a conference to consider matters concerning the Suez Canal, which is an integral part of Egypt, without consulting Egypt." Therefore the conference was not a competent body, and "has no right whatever to discuss any matter falling within the jurisdiction of Egypt."

To replace the London conference, he proposed an Egyptian-sponsored, 45-nation conference to reaffirm the guarantees of free access to the canal first laid down in the Constantinople Convention of 1888. "That agreement would be registered with the Secretariat of the United Nations."

His legal position skillfully established, Nasser called the idea of an international agency to run the canal "but a mild word for what should be called collective colonialism," and denounced Britain and France's war talk as a threat condemned not only by Egypt but by "all peoples

who got rid of colonial rule and who are striving to preserve their hard-won independence." In the press questioning afterward, a flash of the other Nasser showed: "We must keep our dignity. We are a small country—we will defend ourselves to the last drop of our blood."

As the conference opening approached, the talk of bloodshed was heard less and less. The difficulty remained: How, then, was Nasser to be taught a lesson?

The Inner Interests

Last week half the world's capitals reverberated with pronouncements about the Suez Canal. Most of that speaking was in the high language of morality and the heightened tone of rhetoric. Not so easily detected, though present, was the urgent call of self-interest. Items:

France is united from right to left—except for the Communists—in regarding the Suez crisis as an unexpected opportunity to destroy Nasser, the man they see behind all their North African troubles. This weighs far more deeply with them than the seizure of the French canal company.

India, despite its ringing endorsement of Egyptian sovereignty, finds itself for the first time face to face with a piece of "anti-colonialism" that could hurt it as sorely as it could hurt the powers west of Suez. Since most of India's trade with Europe moves via Suez, any interference with canal traffic or an increase in canal rates would play hob with India's new five-year plan. Even more disturbing to India is the prospect that if Nasser were to fall, Egypt (and the canal) might fall into the hands of an orthodox Moslem government that would ally itself with India's bitter enemy, Moslem Pakistan. Nehru is, therefore, almost as anxious as Eden to ensure that Egypt does not win unfettered control of the canal. But unlike Eden, Nehru wants no overthrow of Nasser. Nasser, unique among Moslem leaders, is on better terms with New Delhi than with Karachi. Nehru's solution: public denunciation of Britain and France, accompanied by a quiet word to the British that he has refrained from criticizing Nasser because "condemnation at this point would have impaired our ability to influence the Egyptians."

Greece, though a considerable maritime power, was the only nation besides Egypt to refuse to attend the conference. How could a Greek Foreign Minister go to London when Cyprus is in an uproar?

The U.S.S.R. (in the judgment of the U.S. State Department), above all else, wants no war at this time, and has played a less mischievous role in the Middle East since Eden warned B. & K. in London that Britain means business there. But there are always secondary gains to exploit. Russia is winning an inexpensive popularity in the Arab world by its pro-Egyptian propaganda blasts, and also sees in the London conference an opportunity to end the historic Russian fear of Turkish closure of the Dardanelles to Russian vessels. (The Montreux Convention of 1936, which guarantees passage of the

Dardanelles to Russian ships, expires this year.) By emphasizing that Suez is only one of many "canals and straits" of international importance, the Soviets can also talk about the Dardanelles and the Panama Canal as well.

West Germany, which agreed to attend the London conference, did so out of unwillingness to offend Britain. France and the U.S. The West Germans would much rather stay home. They have business interests of their own to develop in the Arab Middle East and do not want to incur Arab hostility. In such an event they fear that Nasser's revenge might be to recognize Communist East Germany, which would compel Chancellor Adenauer to make good on his threat to break off relations with any nation that recognizes the East German government.

CYPRUS

For the Hangman

Behind the yellow stone walls of Nicosia's Central Prison last week, three young Greek Cypriots in their early 20s awaited the hangman, Andreas Zakos and Charilaos Mikhail, condemned for ambushing a British army jeep and killing its driver, lay placidly on their cots and listened to records of Bach and Beethoven. Iakovos Patatsou, who had been condemned for killing a Turkish Cypriot policeman (out of uniform), accepted the farewell of his widowed mother: "Face death with courage, my son."

As a tenseness spread over the island, affecting British and Cypriot alike, the Greek Cypriot underground E.O.K.A. announced the capture of a 78-year-old

retired British civil servant named John Cremer, who is spending his old age teaching English to Cypriot children. He had been on an evening stroll when four masked men stepped from behind a tree, and one, brandishing a revolver, said: "E.O.K.A. Hold up your hands. We are not going to kill you." Cremer replied: "Well, it doesn't much matter if you do, at my age." They bound him hand and foot and drove off with him. Shortly thereafter, E.O.K.A. circulated a pamphlet that warned: if the three condemned Cypriots hang, Cremer will die.

In their prison cells the three young men heard the news, and Zakos pleaded on their behalf with E.O.K.A.: "I beg that the life of this elderly Englishman should not be exposed to any risk, even if our executions are decided upon and

WHEN NASSER FACED ANOTHER CRISIS

An insight into Gamal Abdel Nasser's temperament and his capacity for decision and doubt, from his own Philosophy of the Revolution (1954):

I CONFESS—and I trust the Public Prosecutor will not take me to task—that [back in the '30s] political assassinations acted upon my excitable imagination to convince me that this was the positive action we had to adopt if we were to secure the future of our country. I considered the assassination of many individuals, having decided that they constituted the main obstacle between our country and its future; I began to look into their various crimes and to take it upon myself to judge . . . I would weigh them, and pass the verdict.

Bullets Talk

I considered assassinating the king and some of his entourage who used to scoff at things we held sacred. I was not alone in thinking thus. And when I got together with others, our ideas began to be translated from thought into action. How many were the plans I made in those days, how numerous the sleepless nights spent preparing long-awaited positive actions.

Our life during that period was like an exciting detective story. We had dark secrets and passwords; we used to lurk in the shadows; we used to collect pistols and hand grenades, and the firing of bullets was the hope we dreamed about. We made many attempts in this direction, and I can still remember our impressions and feelings as we pressed along this path to its logical conclusion.

One Had to Go

The truth is that I was not in my heart satisfied that violence was the positive action by which we were appointed to carry out the future of our country. There was in me a perplexity, a mixed confusion of the factors of nationalism and religion, faith and doubt, knowledge and ignorance. Bit by bit, the thought of political assassination which had inflamed my imagination was losing its fire and its value in my eyes as the decisive instrument.

I remember one night which marked the turning point of my dreams. We had prepared a group for action and selected a person whom we'd decided must cease to exist. We observed his habits and laid down a detailed plan. We were going to shoot him down as he returned to his home in the night.

We set up an attack group to do the shooting, a covering force to protect the attack group, and a third group to organize the getaway. The night came, and I went out with the attack group. Everything went according to plan.

Cries Pursued Me

As we had anticipated, the field was clear. The squads concealed themselves in their chosen positions, and when the marked man came by, bullets were sent in his direction. The execution squad withdrew while the covering force protected its retreat, and the getaway to safety began. I started the motor of my car and drove away.

But suddenly there resounded in my ear the sounds of screaming, and lamentation and the wailing of a woman, the crying of a baby, and then an agitated call for help.

Submerged in a host of excited impressions, I was carried away swiftly by my car. But then a strange thing happened. The sounds continued to tear at my hearing, the screams and lamentation, the wailing and the agitated calls for help. I had by this time gone farther than the sounds could possibly reach, but still they continued as if they were attached to me and chasing me.

I arrived at my house and threw myself on my bed, my mind in a furor and unceasing turmoil in my heart and conscience. The sounds of screaming and lamentation, wailing, and the calls for help continued to ring in my ears.

Thoughts in the Night

I didn't sleep all night. I remained flat on my back in my bed in the dark, smoking one cigarette after another, trying to collect my excited thoughts, but they were scattered by the sounds pursuing me.

Was I right? I answered myself with conviction: I acted for the sake of my country.

Is it really possible to change the future of our country by eliminating this or that person, or is the problem deeper? I said to myself in perplexity, I almost think the problem is deeper.

Which is more important, to eliminate those who ought to be eliminated or to bring forward those who should be brought forward? I said to myself: No, the important thing is to bring forward those who are needed—we dream of the glory of the nation; it is necessary to build that glory.

I asked myself, tossing on my bed: Therefore?

I hear a shout echo back: Therefore what? And I say to myself, with conviction this time: Therefore, we must change our methods. . . . And I sensed a serene inner peace.

But this serenity was soon shattered by the sounds of screams and lamentation, wailing and calls for help, echoes of which never stopped sounding in my ears. To my surprise, I found myself saying, I hope he doesn't die! Strange. It was almost daybreak, and there I was hoping the man I'd wanted to die the evening before would live. I hurried anxiously to get a morning paper, and how glad I was that the one I'd planned to assassinate was out of danger.

finally carried out." E.O.K.A. promptly released John Cremer unharmed.

But the British, who feel that they need the Cyprus base more than ever now that Nasser is acting up at the Suez Canal, decided that they could not return this gallant gesture, nor afford to conciliate the underground by depriving killers. "E.O.K.A. terrorists are not entitled to think themselves humane or magnanimous," said one British official. "They have committed no fewer than 17 cold-blooded murders in the past month."

At 1 o'clock one morning last week the three Greek Cypriots were led out of their cells, amid the uncontrolled shouting of their fellow prisoners. They mounted gallows fitted for a simultaneous triple drop and manned by a hangman flown in especially from England for the job. At 1:05 a.m., the farewells of their comrades still ringing in their ears and the Greek national anthem on their lips, they died.

TUNISIA

Goodbye to Four Wives

As one of its first acts as an independent nation, the new Moslem-dominated state of Tunisia this week abolished plural marriage (up to four wives at any one time) sanctioned for Moslems by the Koran and by the example of Prophet Mohammed. "These measures have been taken to better protect the home, the base of society," announced Premier Habib Bourguiba, an Arab who has but one wife, a Frenchwoman. He added that girls would no longer be permitted to become child-brides at 14 or less, that youths and girls over 20 need no longer get parental consent to marry, that male Tunisians must give up the right to divorce wives by telling them three times to go, instead must plead their cases in court.

Tunisia thus becomes the second predominantly Moslem state to reform its marriage laws (the first was Kemal Ataturk's Turkey). But the abolition of polygamy, the Tunisian government assured everybody, would not be retroactive; those who have four wives may keep them.

GREAT BRITAIN

Miss Bessemer's Crusade

Once upon a Victorian time the Sheffield Park Branch Railway chuffed for 17 miles through the Sussex countryside, wandering through woodland, farms and bright fields of flowers, bearing children to school, farmers to market and housewives to the shops of Lewes and East Grinstead.

The "Bluebell and Primrose," as its passengers fondly called it, was just the kind of road that progress passes by. London was only 50 miles to the northwest, but no factory chimneys thrust their way above the quiet countryside to give the railway a new excuse for existence. Soon a few forlorn trains, carrying in all an average of four passengers a day, were all that was left of the once profitable road. Last year the British Transport

Commission, which has done in many a small railroad since nationalization began, closed down the Bluebell and Primrose.

To most of the people of Sussex, the decision was no hardship. It was no hardship at all to Miss R.E.M. Bessemer, the lean, sixtyish granddaughter of famed Steelman-Inventor Sir Henry Bessemer, whose family home is within a stone's throw of the Bluebell and Primrose. Though she usually rode about in her own motorcar, wealthy Miss Bessemer had an odd affection for the Bluebell and Primrose. "We oughtn't," she told her neighbors, "to look at it as a wee strip of line, but as part of a whole principle." In England there is always an appropriate society for such invokers of principle.



THE BLUEBELL & PRIMROSE
With a lift from Tuffen Beamish.

She sought the aid of the Society for the Reinvigoration of Unremunerative Branch Lines in the United Kingdom, but found the society hopelessly sentimental and impractical on the subject.

Then, poring over documents on the line's past history, Spinster Bessemer found just what she needed: an Act of Parliament, passed when the railway was built in 1877, requiring the owners to run at least four trains daily. "They," said Miss Bessemer scornfully of the Transport Commission, "have got to keep the law just like everyone else." Fire in her eyes, she enlisted the aid of her M.P., a Tory who answers to the name of Tuffen Beamish.

One day last week more than 100 passengers in holiday mood boarded the Bluebell and Primrose, hung from windows and pummeled each other gayly as—for the first time since May 1955—the half-century-old engine and two wooden coaches puffed through the countryside. "I've never seen anything like this!" said an amazed conductor. "In the old days the passengers used to sit glumly, never speak-

ing to each other." But with the first day's excitement over, the Bluebell and Primrose, keeping to its required four trips a day, found itself again with only five passengers. Never one to give up, Miss Bessemer began a new crusade—to electrify the Bluebell and Primrose and connect it with the main line to London. Just as determinedly, the Transport Commission set to work preparing a new bill to repeal the 1877 act and stop the Bluebell and Primrose forever.

GENEVA

War of Patience

In a small, oak-paneled chamber of the Palais des Nations in Geneva an anniversary passed, without meaning or elation; last week the ambassadorial talks between the U.S. and Red China entered their second year. After 55 meetings the procedure has become cut and dried. Every ten days or so, able and unfrilled U. Alexis Johnson, U.S. Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, journeys from Prague to Geneva to confront, punctually at 10 a.m., Wang Ping-nan, Red China's Ambassador to Warsaw. Johnson usually begins by asking about Americans still held in China; Wang accuses the U.S. of holding Chinese in the U.S. against their will, and sputters that all Americans in China will be released in accordance with "legal processes," i.e., after they have been tried for espionage, Johnson presses Red China to renounce the use of force in the Formosa Straits; Wang snaps that Formosa is a purely domestic matter. After three or four hours of this they adjourn.

Despite the frustrations, Ambassador Johnson is convinced that the talks have their value; e.g., 31 Americans have been released since last August, and the treatment of the ten still held in China has reportedly shown "very definite improvement." "I believe," adds Johnson, "that the talks may have helped stave off a shooting war in the Formosa Straits. And that, to me, is well worth the trouble of coming down to Geneva all the time, and the cost" (so far: \$24,000). Johnson does not hide his respect for Wang's ability as a negotiator. "We may go at each other pretty hard, but there's none of the Panmunjom-type personal bitterness." What about future prospects? No one can guess when Peking may decide, for reasons of its own, to break the stalemate. Says Johnson: "I live from week to week."

BELGIUM

At the Bitter Heart

Under the black slag heaps and airborne soot of the Franco-Belgian borderland lie coal mines that plunge deep—2,000, 2,500, 3,000 ft.—into the bowels of the earth, using obsolete equipment and backbreaking labor to eke out small hauls from old veins. Close by the small town of Marcinelle is the mine called *Amercoeur*, the "Bitter Heart." There one morning last week, 302 miners—115 of them Belgians, 139 Italians—dropped



Safest way to mix acid and water

It's 1949 and you're in a quandary.

You're a Purchasing Agent for a big chemical company. Your problem: To find a lining for chemical barges that can handle *both* muriatic acid and concentrated caustic soda.

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One, two, three years roll by. Plioweld proves itself

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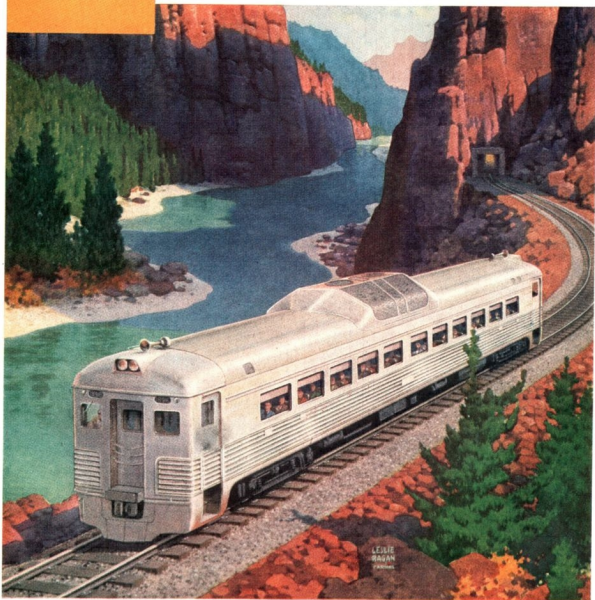
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3,105 ft. underground in their steel-cage elevators to their daily jobs at the coal face. Above ground the miners' families, mostly poor Italians imported with their husbands from overpopulated Italy,⁶ went about their chores.

At 10 a.m., the women who had their radios on heard a chilling announcement cut into the Belgian broadcasting system's light-music program: there was trouble at the Bitter Heart, and fire engines, asbestos suits, fire extinguishers were needed. Outside, a 300-ft. plume of bilious-looking yellow smoke was already rising languidly above the mine shaft.

"Santa Maria!" As word of the catastrophe shuddered through the cobbled streets of Marcinelle, fire engines and ambulances, jeeps packed with police in steel helmets, and scurrying hundreds of horrified people, rushed to the pit. Italian women were shrieking. "We want our men!", praying "Santa Maria! Santa Maria!" Black-robed priests and Red Cross nurses moved about beneath a spreading pall of coal dust and grime.

At the pit head only six men had got out. One gasped a dreadful story: he smelled bitter smoke, dashed with five friends for the elevator, made it to the surface only seconds ahead of a belch of yellow smoke and rearing flames. Apparently a horse-drawn cart had jumped its rails in one of the galleries, tearing into a high-tension cable, setting off a short circuit, explosion and fire.

Firemen set to work. "If you use water they may drown," said one. "But if you don't the fire will suffocate them." Fire hoses proved ineffective. Then rescuers equipped with oxygen masks, steel helmets, rubber boots and courage went 400 ft. down one of the shafts, returned with eyebrows singed, rubber boots half melted, and crying, "It is a furnace down there." Other rescuers broke out of a new and untouched shaft into one of the old galleries, brought out three bodies and one injured man. As the ambulance bore the injured man off to the hospital, women threw themselves down in its path, demanding that the ambulance stop so that they could see whether the man inside was theirs.

Devil's Work. When night fell, 261 miners were still entombed. Perhaps that first day some still clung to life in small holes and alcoves, somehow fending off the flames, floods and noxious gases from the fires high above them. No one knew. Above ground, great searchlights showed up huddles of women now too tired to weep, their babies asleep with their toys. "Coal Mining! Not even the devil would do it!" one old man croaked hoarsely, when morning broke once more across Belgium's Bitter Heart.

Twice during the long vigil, Belgium's young King Baudouin appeared at the pit head, the first time dressed as he was when he got the news, in sport clothes,

the second time dressed in black. Shaking hands right and left, murmuring words of sympathy, Baudouin abruptly turned toward one of the grimy rescuers who had just come up from the pit, gripped his shoulders with both hands and said, "There must be some hope." The rescue worker, at the end of his strength, turned away and broke into sobs.

LAOS

On the Road to Chaos

Vientiane—capital of the least of the three nations carved out of French Indochina—lay in its habitual half-slumber beside the Mekong River. It was the Buddhist Lent in Laos. Temple gongs



USIS—Vientiane
SOUVANNA PHOUMA & SOUPHANOU VONG
A pipedream of peace.

bonged in the viscous humidity; saffron-robed monks strutted about beneath gaudy parasols or sat cross-legged in the shade, puffing acid French tobacco and sipping lemonade. Suddenly there was a stir. Official limousines swept out of the royal palace amid shrieking sirens and flapping royal banners (a three-headed elephant against a red background), bearing Prime Minister Prince Souvanna Phouma to the airport to meet his half brother Prince Souphanou Vong, who happened to be leading a Communist revolt against the government.

The half brothers hugged one another happily and headed back to the palace for talks. The agenda: how to terminate the Communist rebellion on terms acceptable to both sides. Two years ago the French bequeathed Laos to Souvanna Phouma's Nationalists, but the Communists, headed by Souphanou Vong, illegally set up a puppet state in two provinces adjoining Communist North Viet Nam.

Last year, at Peking's bidding, Souphanou Vong launched an unfruitful three-battalion attack against the Na-

tionalists—but nobody now seemed to hold it against him. In the capital of Vientiane, the Laotians, eager for an end to civil war, insisted that mustachioed, Paris-educated Souphanou Vong is a Communist only because he hates the French and fears his domineering Communist wife. Word was that Souphanou Vong even washes his wife's underthings in the family washtub "because she likes me to." Some knew that he had been sent to Red China for indoctrination, but they did not take that fact seriously.

In this mood, agreement came easily. The half brothers decided that the fighting (such as it had been) should stop. The Communist districts would rejoin the rest of the little country (pop. 1,400,000), the Communist leaders would eventually join the Nationalist government in a sort of coalition, and the Communist Pathet Lao army would merge into the regular Laotian army. Eventually, the strength of the Communist infiltration would be tested in "nationwide general elections," after a period in which "the Royal Government must recognize and guarantee the right to carry on legitimate activities throughout the country for a patriotic front . . . on the side of the Pathet Lao [Communist] forces."

At week's end Souvanna Phouma and Souphanou Vong relaxed at a family picnic with 50 of their relatives, and talked happily about the peaceful future. Souphanou Vong seemed such a reassuring fellow. Of course, if in the friendly atmosphere he should want to be less of a Communist, he could always remember that his wife and six of their seven children are now in Red-held Hanoi. The seventh is studying in Moscow.

POLAND

The Return of Little Stalin

In Nov. 1949, tough, bald-pated Wladyslaw Gomulka, once known as Poland's "Little Stalin," walked the plank. He was expelled from the Polish Communist Party for Titoist tendencies, and one of his former colleagues on the Politburo scornfully charged that lifelong Communist Gomulka had become "a symbol of reaction for the bourgeoisie and rich peasants." Nearly seven years later, in a characteristically Marxist twist of fate, 51-year-old Wladyslaw Gomulka's appeal to "reactionaries" turned out to be his political salvation.

Gomulka's real crime had been his demand that the U.S.S.R. respect Polish sovereignty and let the Poles find their own "road to Socialism," but the *Bespiekie*, Poland's security police, did its best to persuade Gomulka to confess to a formal charge of "lack of vigilance with regard to enemy agents." Instead of confessing, bullheaded Wladyslaw Gomulka counterattacked his interrogators with such vigor and skill that in the end the party had to abandon its plans to use him as the *pièce de résistance* in a show trial of Polish Titoists.

Early this spring, as part of Poland's

⁶ Which last February refused to grant any more miners' exit permits for Belgium on the ground that mine security there was inadequate.

contribution to destalinization, Gomulka was let out of house arrest, after more than four years of confinement, and let part way out of the doghouse. Edward Ochab, who now has Gomulka's job as Party Secretary, announced that the charges on which Gomulka had been arrested were false. They were drummed up, said Ochab in Moscow's best voice and most up-to-date explanation of such things, by Polish accomplices of "the Beria gang." Ochab was careful to explain, however, that Gomulka's release "does not mean that the party approves of his political opinions."

Two months later, after the bloody Poznan riots (TIME, July 9), Poland's desperate Communist bosses had to go further to assuage nationwide discontent. They admitted "immense wrongs" done to the Polish workers, promised widespread pay increases, and even swore by Marx and everything else holy that the Communist Party was about to abandon direct management of the Polish government and economy.

A fortnight ago, as yet another gesture, Radio Warsaw announced that the Central Committee had decided to readmit Gomulka to party membership. This time there was no denunciation of Gomulka's opinions. Instead the broadcast emphasized that "representatives of the Politburo met with Comrade Gomulka" to consult him on "fundamental problems."

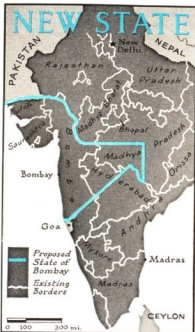
The Politburo's purpose seemed clear. Gomulka's nationalism had won him the admiration of many Poles, including some anti-Communists, and by re-garbing him in the raiment of Marxist grace, the party hoped to win favor with people who say that if they must be governed by Communists, better a Communist who sometimes remembers he is also a Pole.

INDIA

Journey's End?

Heavy-lidded, his inevitable rose limp in his buttonhole, Jawaharlal Nehru stood up behind his teakwood desk in Parliament one day last week and said, almost inaudibly: "We have reached the conclusion of our journey." After 40 hours of debate and long years of dickering, India was going to get a new States Reorganization Bill, reapportioning the country into 14 large and viable states and six centrally run enclaves, e.g., the capital city of New Delhi. The bill repelled the chaotic factions who have cried for the fragmentation of India along the boundary lines of its 844 languages and dialects. The key move, thought up by Nehru's Socialist and independent opponents and gratefully grasped by him, was to fuse the hostile linguistic factions of Marathas (27.5 million) and Gujarati (17.5 million) into one big, Texas-sized, bilingual State of Bombay (see map).

The possibility of a sensible solution of an anxious question confounded the Communists, who multiply upon the sting of linguistic hatreds, and infiltrate smaller states more easily. "No, no, no!" the



True Map by V. P. Gulati

Communist M.P.s cried when the outcome was announced. Next day the Communists got some comfort when Gujarati students raged through the squalid streets of the textile center of Ahmedabad demanding a separate Gujarati state, attacking police and politicians in confused skirmishes that cost the city 16 dead.

Jawaharlal Nehru treated the parliamentary outcries of the home-grown Reds with fine scorn: "No one would dare raise his head against the government's decision in a Communist country, because then the head would disappear." But he was disturbed by the riots that followed the House of the People's unanimous vote (the Communists abstaining). "Parliament puts its seal upon [a bill] and it becomes law," said Nehru. "What happens then? Do you go on fighting about it? Once you lose in Parliament, do you take the issue to the streets? Are we becoming an opera for the world to laugh at?"

BURMA

Bad Swap

"Anybody who goes for barter deals is out of his mind," said Burma's ex-Premier U Nu—and he should know. Burma's Rangoon docks were still overflowing with the bartered Iron Curtain cement it could not use (TIME, May 21). Originally Burma thought that it had at least got a good price for its surplus rice—only to find that the Soviet Union was upping the prices of the goods it sent in exchange. All this was demoralizing enough. Last week Burma came face to face with another unsettling discovery: it really had no surplus rice problem to begin with.

Burma's rice crop turns out to be smaller and the country's potential market bigger than it had calculated. Already

losing 10% to 30% of the value of the bartered rice, Burma decided to lower slightly the prices on the rest of the crop. It found itself besieged by cash customers: India, Indonesia, Pakistan, Malaya. Now Burma faces a frustrating problem: there is not enough exportable rice to supply cash customers and at the same time fulfill barter obligations (600,000 tons a year) to the Iron Curtain countries. Burma has already mortgaged some of its 1957 crop to meet 1956 commitments. Worst of all, it has had to refuse offers of the cold, hard cash it needs so badly. Reluctantly turned down by Burma in its request for more rice, Pakistan has been forced to go to Red China, which has plenty of bartered Burmese rice on hand and is perfectly willing to part with it—for hard cash.

SOUTH AFRICA

The Silent Cry

Shortly after dawn one day last week in Pretoria, hundreds of South African women began to gather beneath the office windows of Prime Minister Johannes G. Strydom. Some were white, some were brown, most were black. Many wore the green-black-and-gold colors of the African National Congress, and many wore tribal regalia; many had traveled hundreds of miles by rickety bus across South Africa's dust-swept veld to get there, lunch baskets in their hands and babies strapped to their backs. All the women bore personal petitions to Strydom. Focus of their protest: the government's latest decree that African women as well as men must now carry identification passes at all times.

By 2:30 p.m. there were 10,000 women gathered on the well-watered lawns. Gathering up all the petitions, a delegation led by a white woman, Miss Helen Joseph, proceeded to the Prime Minister's office. It was stopped at the main doors. "Whites only," said the uniformed doorman. "On whose authority?" demanded the militant Miss Joseph. "There are no *apartheid* notices posted." After ten minutes of harried consultation, an official said: "O.K. Five delegates only—black or white."

The delegation got as far as Strydom's secretary, only to be told that the Prime Minister was out. The delegation dumped their petitions on the secretary's desk and returned to tell the crowd what had happened. From the audience came cries of "Shame!" The leaders then called for 30 minutes of silence as a nonviolent protest. Obediently the women rose, and raised their hands, thumbs turned upward in the salute of the National Congress.

As 30 minutes ticked slowly by, the silence was broken only by the occasional stifled whimpering of the babies strapped on women's backs. On the half-hour there arose a roar: "*Afrika Maribuya!*" (Africa return to us!), and the women in their bright costumes began to sway to the rhythm of *Nkosi Sikelele Afrika* (God Bless Africa), the National Congress anthem. Their protest made, the women went away as quietly as they had come.

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THE MEDITERRANEAN Cradle of History

*Know'st thou the land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?*

GOETHE, like others before him and others since, was moved to poetry by the sights of the blue Mediterranean. "All the dreams of my youth I beheld realized before me," exclaimed Goethe—for generations of fogbound northerners gazing for the first time at the sun-gilt beauties of Venice, Rome, and the isles of Greece. On the shores of this history-steeped sea were said, done, written and made the best part of what the West still lives by. The story of the Mediterranean is the story of Christ and Moses and Mohammed, of Homer and Socrates, Caesar and Cleopatra, of Alexander and Saladin and Richard Lion-Heart. It is also the story of Mussolini and Gamal Abdel Nasser.

The Mediterranean, a place of serene blue skies for many, has been an object of ambition to an important few. The eight pages of maps that follow show the restless flow of conquest across this ancient sea: the days when it was Rome's *mare nostrum*, then Islam's crescent empire, at last the shared hegemony of three great empires—British, French and Ottoman. Now once again it is a fragmented place; there is no peace; and the Mediterranean is again the center of history and the clashing of rival ambitions.

FAVORED beyond all other great waters by climate and position, this million-square-mile sea of coves and arms and islets is made to man's measure. "Like frogs around a pond," said Plato, "we have settled down upon the shores of this sea." Island-hopping along Aegean shores in the haze of lazy, sunlit waters, the Phoenicians and Greeks of 30 centuries ago first learned the arts of maritime commerce, and of naval war—including the amphibious landing. Across the golden bridge of the Grecian islands the civilizations of the Valleys of the Nile and Euphrates first advanced to Europe. Across this strategic roadway world conquerors from Babylon to Berchtesgaden have sped to their brief zenith and decay. In their day both Ramses II and Darius dug canals between the Nile and the Red Sea. As the North African sands still drift over the last burned-out tanks of Rommel, the newest Pharaoh of the Nile cries his claim for the road to the East.

THIS sea "in the midst of lands" unites and divides three continents. The mighty Xerxes once had it scourged (300 lashes) because a storm on the Hellespont wrecked his invasion fleet. By its shores Greeks and Phoenicians founded 130 famed cities, from Massilia (Marseille) and Malaca (Malaga) to Neapolis (Naples) and Syracuse. From its teeming commerce, Carthage was already taking \$43 million in tariffs and annual tributes in the 3rd century B.C. When the Romans called it *mare nostrum*, ships plied regularly from Alexandria's 530-ft. lighthouse in the east to Gades (Cádiz) beyond the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) in the west. Across these waters Arab traders in their time brought cotton, steel, numbers and the long-lost writings of the Greeks to the benighted West. For three centuries, while seafaring Venice held "the gorgeous East in fee," the Doge himself annually hurled his gold ring into the Mediterranean with the shout: "We have wedded thee, O Sea, in token of our rightful and perpetual domination!"

Then the voyages of discovery swung world power to the Atlantic. The day Venice heard the news of Columbus' safe return from what everybody supposed was India, stocks and bonds

plunged 50 points on Venice's Rialto. For the first time since the Argonauts, the Mediterranean sank into stagnation. But in 1869 De Lesseps cut the canal through Suez, and the Mediterranean was back on history's main line. This time it was Britain's lifeline of empire, short-cutting to India through Suez.

THENCEFORTH the stakes were global. De Lesseps had turned Suez into a strait, and Mediterranean straits have been battlegrounds since the Greeks launched their thousand ships to wreck the Trojan fortress commanding the Dardanelles. Twice in 30 years the land-based European powers lunged for control of the Mediterranean straits. The first time, British seapower, partnered with the French, beat them off. The second time the French collapsed, and Rommel's *Panzers*, crossing the sea, rolled almost into Cairo's gates. But neither Rommel nor his boss Adolf ever made it.

Neither yet have the Russians, inching glacially southward ever since Peter the Great sought a warm-water outlet in the 17th century—though his Communist successors saw their chance after World War II to burst through the defenses that two great wars had weakened. A Communist regime won Yugoslavia and Albania on the Mediterranean shores. Then the Russians applied pressure in Greece, and the protecting British, weakened at home by the exertions of war, asked U.S. help. Sending the *Missouri* to Istanbul and General Van Fleet to Athens, the U.S. held the Eastern Mediterranean for the West.

But an even more explosive force was at work. The sleeping nationalism of the Middle East came awake after World War I, and to power after World War II. The French were thrown out of Syria and Lebanon, slowly gave independence to Tunisia and Morocco, and fought to keep their presence in Algeria. The British withdrew from Palestine, Egypt, the Sudan, fought to hold a last imperial base in Cyprus.

Today new sovereignties, without much power (the principal export of Libya is dried grass) and sometimes without much sense of responsibility, are trying to fill the vacuum. In Cairo, a new Arab leader cries that he will unite all Islam as in the Caliphate's days. Russia has leaptfrogged past the Turks into the Mediterranean, and thrust guns, tanks and MIG-15s into the hands of Suez's newest defenders. The Western Powers find that they have lost their Mediterranean monopoly at precisely the moment their dependence on Suez for Mideast oil has grown greatest.

EVEN in the era of great conquests, when the Mediterranean was under one power's dominance, there were always times when everything threatened to become unstuck; what had been violently won had to be violently defended. *Pax Britannica* was gained by Nelson at the Nile and at Trafalgar; it was maintained by a necklace of bases—Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria—and a panoply of dreadnoughts. France and Britain, who had fought for control of the Mediterranean, in time agreed to divide the spoils. Newer ambitious powers tried to nudge their way in: World War I once threatened to break out three years earlier than it did, over the Kaiser's ambitions in North Africa. Mussolini, with his flutulent ambition to create a second Roman Empire, subdued Libya.

The great imperial powers exploited the land, but also developed it. They brought efficiency and order, and could not understand why the resident peoples did not think this enough. Now that the imperialists have pulled out or pulled back, some of that order and some of that efficiency are gone. For the ruling elites who have succeeded the imperialists, independence is enough—and worth the price. But the rest of the world, granting the justice of independence, can also see the instability it has brought, and the temptation to insecure politicians to court cheap popularity by rash and negative acts.

The Mediterranean, birthplace of Western civilization, is still a cradle, endlessly rocking. It is no longer within the means of any power on earth alone to control its movement. Today its peace, if peace is to be had, is apt to be the peace of rival ambitions in conflict, and enforceable only by nations acting in concert.

And while this struggle goes on, on stony, barren, brown hillsides men eke out a hard living under the bright skies, much as they did in Homer's day.

ANCIENT EMPIRES

EGYPTIAN 1,450 B.C.



OUT of mud huts by the mighty Nile sprang Egypt, circa 3400 B.C., the world's first major power. Through 30 dynasties and 3,000 years Egypt created pharaohs and pyramids and provincial bureaucracy, built the first Suez Canal. In 1479 B.C. Thutmose III scattered his foes at Megiddo (Armageddon), "as if by spirits."

ASSYRIA's spearmen swept out of the upper Tigris valley, sacking Tarsus, obliterating Babylon, sweeping Egypt from the Delta to Thebes. Assyria's army was its state, equipped with iron weapons, disposing of its captives by impaling them. But Assyria got overextended, fell to the Medes and Chaldeans in 612 B.C.

ASSYRIAN 660 B.C.



A PERSIAN prince named Cyrus beat the Medes and Chaldeans, set himself up in 538 B.C. as King of "the four quarters of the world." Darius I pressed on to the Danube and Indus, worked out a civil service, postal and highway networks. Persia was contained by the Greek city-states after the Battle of Marathon, 490 B.C., "the birth cry of Europe."

PHILIP of Macedon conquered the Greek city-states — Sparta, Athens, Thebes; his son Alexander led the Greek phalanx into India in quest of *homonioia*, the brotherhood of man. At 32 Alexander died of malaria dreaming of fresh worlds to conquer, leaving Macedonia to fall apart and newer empires—Rome and Carthage—to glare across the central sea.



CARTHAGINIAN - 218 B.C.



TIME Maps by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

ROMAN MEDITERRANEAN



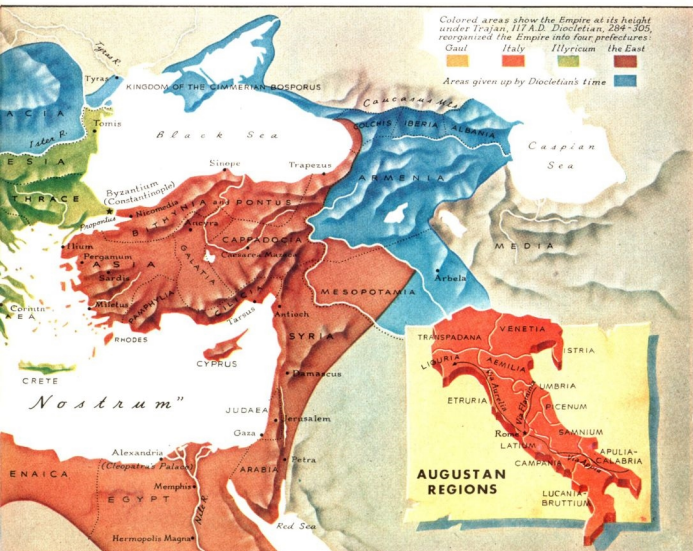
TO the blare of trumpets and the shuffle of war elephants, Hannibal of Carthage crossed the Alps in 218 B.C., engulfing Rome's legions at Lake Trasimeno and Cannae. Rome leaped back vengefully across the sea and broke Hannibal's hopes and homeland at Zama, 202 B.C. In the last century before Christ, Rome's Julius Caesar, "a portent of incredible speed," took 800 cities and 1,000,000 prisoners. In 30 B.C. Caesar's adopted son Octavianus (later Augustus) hounded down Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt, rounded out the Mediterranean conquest and founded *Pax Romana*—200 years of broken peace in which Latin-Hellenic culture swept western Europe, and Christianity took root.

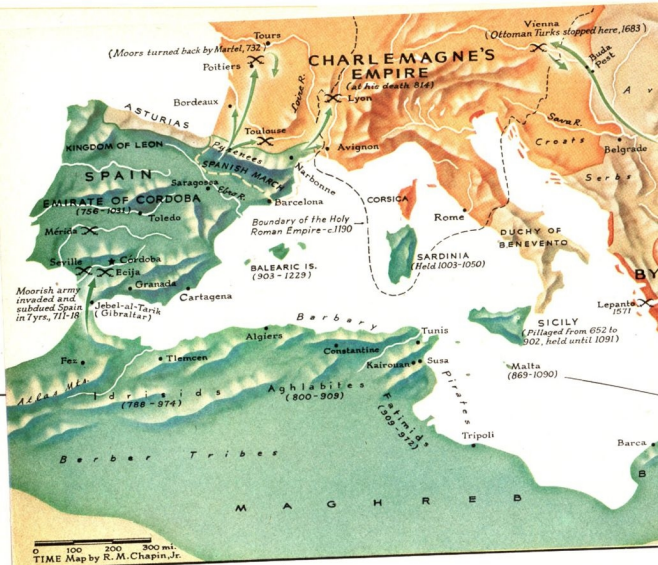
Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Vespasian, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, the big-name emperors conjured up roads and aqueducts, central heating and crucifixions, weights and measures, gladiators, banks. But Rome was to rot internally (in 395 the Empire was split into West and East) before the glittering city fell to the Goths and Vandals amid what Gibbon called "the inevitable effect of immoderate greatness."



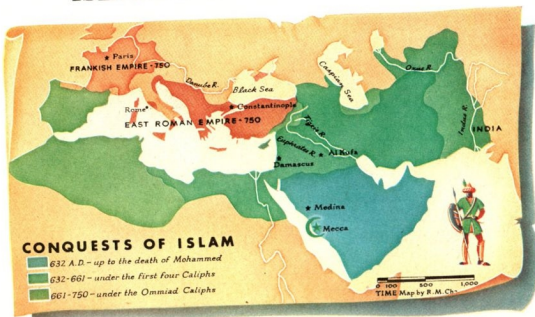


"WHAT A TIME!" EXCLAIMED CICERO, HERE IN THE FORUM OF ROME. "WHAT A CIVILIZATION!"





ISLAM'S MEDITERRANEAN



IMPERIALISM'S HIGH TIDE

WHY is the sun so red?" Western seafarers inquired as they headed their frail caravels toward the edge of the world. "Because it looketh down upon hell," others replied—and yet they all sailed on across the fearful horizon seeking glory, God and gold. Royal Britain sounded the fanfare, demolishing the Spanish Armada in 1588, dashing France off Cape Trafalgar in 1805, ushering in *Pax Britannica* with its Mediterranean life-line—Gibraltar, Malta, Suez—and its rich markets for the Industrial Revolution. "Talk of fun!" Winston Churchill cried

beside the Nile. "Where will you beat this? On horseback, at daybreak, within shot of an advancing army, seeing everything!"

In World War I (1914-18) *Pax Britannica*, sickening, died. Europe poured out its blood into the muck of Flanders and France—2,706,154 casualties for the British; 4,974,000 for the French; 4,846,340 for the Germans—but carved new conquests out of the vanquished Ottoman Empire. The last of the Empire builders, Italy's Benito Mussolini, grasped vast Libya only to lose it, his nation and his own life, in World War II.

SPHERES OF INFLUENCE

- British
- French
- Italian
- 1920-38 boundaries
- ✱ Major battles of World Wars I & II



RABAT



CAIRO

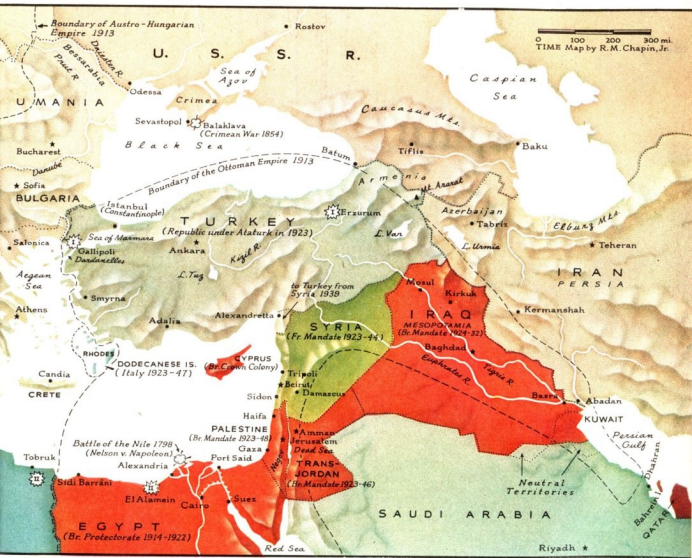




MADRID



BELGRADE



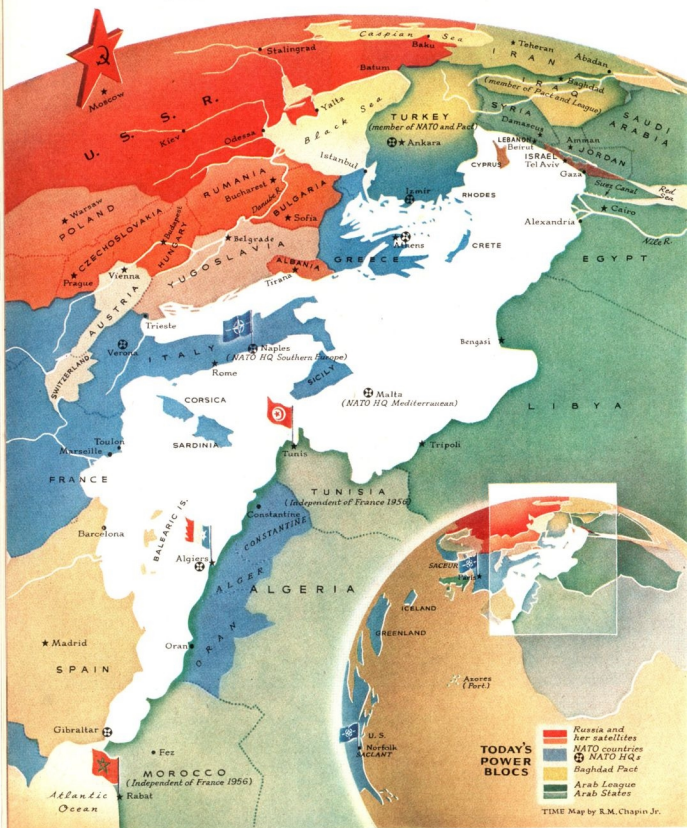
BEIRUT



ATHENS



MEDITERRANEAN TODAY



THE HEMISPHERE

COLOMBIA

Deadly Cargo

Breaking the 430-mile journey from the port of Buenaventura to Bogotá, six government trucks braked to a stop one afternoon last week beside the old Pacific railroad station in Cali, the palm-shaded heart city of the rich Cauca River Valley. In a district jammed with factories, warehouses and slums, the drivers bedded down for the night with their cargo—more than 30 tons of high explosives. At 1:07 a.m., like 30 blockbusters, the cargo blew up, in a tower of red flame and seething of black smoke.

More than a mile from the station, panes of glass vanished from their frames, doors were ripped from their hinges, a movie theater collapsed. Within an hour, rescue teams of priests, Boy Scouts and taxi drivers were digging into the wreckage. Said one driver, jolted from his bed by the blast: "People were running through what was left of the streets in their underwear. I saw ten members of a family lying dead in a row."

At smoky dawn, three square miles of tragedy could be seen. Where the trucks had stood, nothing remained but a crater, 100 ft. across and 30 ft. deep. The old station, converted to a barracks, was gone; of the 320 soldiers who had been sleeping inside, all had disappeared but two. In the warm days that followed, bodies hidden beneath the tumbled walls began to decompose. To avoid disease, the dead were rushed through a makeshift morgue in the soccer stadium, buried in mass graves. After three days of searching, the number of bodies recovered stood at close to 500. But many hundreds of others who were in the area where blast force reached the disintegration point were missing and presumably dead, and 2,000 were injured.

When the first shock of disaster had worn off, bitter questions arose. What was in the trucks? Public Works Department dynamite, said the government. How was the explosion set off? President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla blamed "political saboteurs." Why were six trucks, loaded with so deadly a cargo, allowed to spend the night in a crowded city? That was a question Cali would never stop asking.

VENEZUELA

Strongman Moves On

Relaxed in the air-conditioned VIP waiting room at Panama's Tocumen Airport, ex-Strongman Juan Perón affably thanked the Panamanian government for "eight good months" and sent his warmest regards to "the humble and suffering, and all the workers" of Panama. Upstairs, the former Argentine dictator's shapely secretary, Dancer Isabel Martínez, stopped sipping a Coke long enough to pose for photographers and describe her boss as "an extraordinary man in all respects." Then Perón, 60, and Isabel, 23,

climbed aboard a plane for Venezuela.

The household was apparently changing countries on its own hook; Panamanian officials vowed that they had no complaints about Perón's behavior. Perón himself was silent on why he was moving, but one reason was probably his peeve at being asked to leave Panama during the conference of American Presidents. He might also desire to close ranks with the colony of Peronist exiles in Venezuela, some of them doing well in the booming



PERÓN'S SECRETARY
She takes dictation.

horse-racing business. As Perón landed in Caracas, he was cheered by some 100 of these supporters with a fervor reminiscent of his old days in power. First to step up and embrace the fading strongman: General Raúl Tanco, one of the leaders of a June revolt against Argentina's provisional government.

CANADA

O.K. to Buy U.S.

A sore point in Canadian-U.S. relations in recent years has been the reluctance of U.S. firms to let Canadian investors buy stock in their profitable Canadian subsidiaries. Largely responsible for the aggravation was a kink in the tax agreements between the two countries. A Canadian subsidiary that was 95% U.S.-owned paid only a 5% tax on the dividends it remitted to the parent company in the U.S. If the proportion of U.S. ownership dropped below 95%, the dividend tax rose to 15%. Rather than have dividend taxes

tripled, U.S. companies shied away from selling stock to Canadians.

Last week the U.S. and Canada moved to straighten out the legal kink. U.S. Ambassador Livingston Merchant and Finance Minister Walter Harris signed a treaty in Ottawa lowering the 95% requirement on foreign ownership to 51%. When the treaty is ratified by Parliament and Congress, probably at their next sessions, U.S. firms in Canada will be permitted to sell up to 49% of their stock in the country where they do business and still qualify for the low 5% dividend tax rate. Canadians will then be able—and probably will be urged—to make a tenfold increase in their investment in U.S. subsidiaries in Canada.

Magazine Tax

In the dying days of a long parliamentary session, Canada's Liberal government last week suddenly brought forward and enacted its 20% tax on advertising in Canadian editions of U.S. magazines.

Finance Minister Walter Harris, who devised the measure five months ago, remained its main supporter. In a 35-minute speech he hailed the tax as a great boon to Canadian culture, contending that Canadian magazines are in desperate economic shape and that a tax on competing U.S. publications is necessary to save them from "disappearance."

Ontario Conservative W. Earl Rowe, acting leader of his party, scoffed at Harris' reasoning. Said Rowe: "I do not believe it will help any Canadian magazine." Later, in the usually staid Senate, Ontario's Norman Lambert and Manitoba's Thomas Crerar accused their own Liberal party of abandoning its free-trade traditions. But the objections were overrun by the impatient Liberal drive for a vote. In three hours, Harris' carefully timed bill cleared the House; the Senate rubber-stamped it in a single sitting.

Newspaper reaction was a nearly unanimous cry of dismay. The Liberal Winnipeg *Free Press* called the tax "silly, illiberal and vindictive." The *Tory Globe and Mail* branded it "one of the worst tax measures ever devised by the government of a free country." The newspapers also expressed doubt that the tax would be of any help to Canadian magazines. They foresaw that the U.S. publications principally affected (*Reader's Digest*, *Time*, *Family Circle*, *Woman's Day*, *Everywoman's* and *Parents Magazine*) would raise their advertising and subscription rates, and that advertisers who preferred these publications would continue to buy space.

The prediction was not long in coming true. *Reader's Digest* immediately announced an increase of up to 13% in advertising rates and hinted at a possible 10¢ boost in its 25¢ newsstand price. *Time* set no figures but said that an increase in its advertising and circulation rates would be announced for Jan. 1, 1957, when the new tax goes into effect.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The scene: a smoke-filled nook in the grill of Chicago's Democrat-bulged Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel. Dining together are Kentucky's black-horse presidential candidate, guflaw-prone Governor **Albert B. ("Be lucky, go Happy!") Chandler**, and Chicago's weighty Democratic Boss **Jacob Arvey**. Enter, with a dust-devilish swoop, Washington's plain-spoken Hostess-with-Mostes' **Perle Mesta**. *Grandam Mesta* (to Chandler): I hear that you are running for President, but you certainly aren't taking yourself seriously, are you? "*Happy*" Chandler (hurt to the quick): I certainly am. I'm spending my own money, and I'm no fool. You know what they said about the man who sat down at the piano, don't you? . . . Stranger guys than I have lived in the White House! *Perle*: Who are they? *Happy* (in miserable evasion): I'm working as hard as I can for this because I feel the people want me. *Perle*: Why don't you stay down in Kentucky where you belong? *Happy* (very unhappily): And why don't you go back to Washington? (Photographers hear the harsh pleasantries and rush in; *Happy* and *Perle* quickly smile, teeth gritted.) *Happy*: I am very serious about this. (Pause). Why don't you run with me? You'd make a damn good Vice President! *Perle* (chuckling as she sheathes her talons): I've got as much chance of being Vice President as you have of being President! (She exits with a flounce.) *Boss Arvey* sighs uncomfortably; the smoke descends like a curtain.

On a movie location in Spain, Italy's voluptuous Cinemactress **Sophia Loren**, unkempt and grimy, looked more appeal-



ACTRESS LOREN
For art.

ing as a child of the earth than in more familiar rig as a child of luxury. While the cameras whirled, Sophia, in the role of a hell-for-dirt girl guerrilla, had just helped a motley band of actors drag a 3-ton artillery piece through rain and a morass of real mud.

G.O.P. officials proudly announced that burro-voiced Tunesmith **Irving Berlin** will personally bray a ditty of his at their San Francisco convention. Title of Composer Berlin's official convention song: *Four More Years*.

One of the dedicated summer-school students at Yale University's Shakespeare Institute was none other than **Eugene R. Black**, 58 (TIME, June 25), taking an academic breather from his globe-hopping job as president of the world's best-heeled



Alburtus—Yale News Bureau
BANKER BLACK
For knowledge.

lending agency, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (capital: \$9 billion). Lounging under a campus elm, Scholar Black said: "Shakespeare had great knowledge of human nature, economics and politics. . . . Often, knowledge of these subjects comes in handy today."

The most astrigent member of the opposition to **Adlai Stevenson**, his ex-wife, Republican **Ellen Borden Stevenson**, fiftyish,* gaily allowed that she still likes Ike and will vote the G.O.P. ticket this year "particularly if Adlai is the Democratic candidate." To show why she stands four-square against Adlai, Arts Patroness Stevenson plans to bring out a splenetic polemic on Oct. 1. It will not be exactly be a book but "really more of a pamphlet." Title: *The Egghead and I*.

* Says Ellen: "I'm many years younger than the old man." Stevenson is 56.



JAMES N. KEEN
REPUBLICAN STEVENSON
For money.

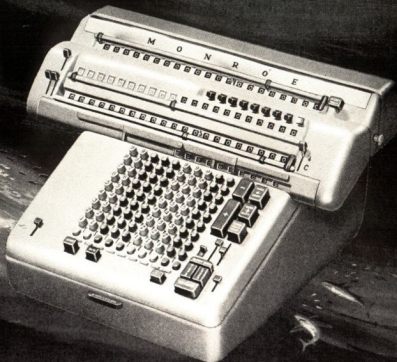
Anticipating the royalties that will go to her arts salon on Chicago's Gold Coast, Ellen Stevenson loudly purred: "I think it's going to be terrific. We should make quite a bit of money on it, don't you think?"

In Paris, Independent Moviemaker **Darryl Zanuck** disclosed that he hankers to make a film about Marine Staff Sergeant **Matthew McKeon**, now awaiting review of his sentence (TIME, April 23 *et seq.*) for drinking in barracks and simple negligence in the death of six marine boots. Matt McKeon, "if he's available," would not appear in the movie, but would be asked to join the production as a technical adviser. Glowed World War II Army Lieut. Colonel Zanuck: "It's a hell of a good story. It can be instructive, and it can glorify the Marine Corps."

On the eve of his 82nd birthday and of his "third farewell address" to the Republican Convention next week, **Herbert Hoover**, oldest ex-President in more than a century,* had little to say about politics but was free with advice to fellow oldsters. Still elbowing through the crammed agenda of a twelve-hour workday, Hoover explained his philosophy of late life: "There is no joy to be had from retirement except by some kind of productive work. Otherwise, you degenerate into talking to everybody about your pains and pills and income tax. Any oldster who keeps at even part-time work has something worthwhile talking about. He has a zest for the morning paper and his three meals a day. The point of all this is not to retire from work or you will shrivel up into a nuisance to all mankind."

* James Madison died at 85 in 1836, was second among long-lived Presidents to John Adams, who reached 90 before dying July 4, 1826 (on the same day as Thomas Jefferson, 83).

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EDUCATION

Postponement

Ever since the U.S. Supreme Court's decision against segregation in the public schools, Joseph Francis Rummel, Roman Catholic Archbishop of New Orleans, and onetime (1924-28) pastor of a Harlem congregation, seemed destined to be the man to set his state an example. Last February he issued a pastoral letter condemning segregation as sinful, appeared ready to start general integration of the archdiocese's 75,000 parochial-school pupils^o this fall. Last week the archbishop was forced to revise his schedule.

His troubles began when a group of Catholic segregationists formed the Association of Catholic Laymen to fight integration. The archbishop ordered the group to disband, but the association appealed to higher church authority (the case is still pending). Though a few parochial schools did begin to hold mixed classes, it became obvious that if integration proceeded any further, hundreds of Catholic parents might withdraw their children and send them to public schools. For the archbishop, the threat was too serious to be ignored. Last week he announced that further integration would be postponed—"at least until September 1957."

The Last Individualists

To the swarming customers headed last week for the glare of the carnival midway in Great Falls, Mont., there seemed nothing special about the husky-voiced man at the refreshment booth just inside the grandstand. "Kids, kids, kids!" he would cry. "Big kids, little kids, bring your dimes and nickels! Get your ice cream here!"

^o Who represent about one-tenth of Louisiana's school population.



ARCHBISHOP RUMMEL
The sinful were successful,

He pushed the hot dogs ("See how long they are!—30¢ to the foot, 90¢ to the yard!"), kept up a steady stream of jingles ("Local bread, pound of meat./And all the mustard you can eat"), in every way seemed to be just one more concessionaire. But to carnival folk, Witold Krassowski, 35, is now known as "The Professor." A sociologist who teaches and studies at the University of California at Los Angeles in the winter and joins the carnival in the summer, he is a top academic expert on the strange world of the carnies.

When Krassowski first joined the carnival in the summer of 1949, he did not

dream that he would ever be coming back again. A veteran of the Polish underground and an alumnus of a series of Nazi prisoner-of-war camps, he was studying at Purdue when a Danish classmate persuaded him to try his hand at running a carnival stand. The two men got a truck from a concession agency and joined the Northern Exposition Shows, touring Minnesota, Montana, Wyoming and the Dakotas. At his "foot-long" (hot dog) stand, Krassowski not only developed into an authority on carnies, he became a carny—a title conferred only upon those who have been fully accepted by one of the most clannish communities in the U.S.

Beef or Go. Today, says Krassowski, there are more than 400 traveling shows, inhabited by men and women who are in many ways a law unto themselves. To the carny, all non-carnies are "people," whose dull lives arouse both pity and scorn. At first, Krassowski and his friend were people too. The carnies were polite enough, but they were slow to accept the newcomers as part of their world. Then, after dismantling their stand one closing night, Krassowski and his friend offered to help some "ride-boys" take down their carrousel. They worked from midnight until 4 a.m., but they had unwittingly passed an important test. "A carny who refuses 'beef' (i.e., refuses to help), an oldtimer explained, 'is no carny.'"

As the weeks passed, Krassowski mastered the various ways of keeping the "tips" (prospective customers) coming to his stand. But studying his fellow carnies became his real interest. He interviewed them, examined their code, eventually found that one theme dominates everything they do. "The carnival," Krassowski concluded, "is one of the few remaining strongholds of rugged individualism."

Freaks & Gaffs. Though the carny thinks it only just to fleece a sucker, he is rigidly honest with his own kind. If he needs money, he does not get a loan—he gets a "lift," and it is invariably repaid.

Except in the South, carnies know no racial discrimination. The shows that do discriminate, or tolerate "dunk-a-boy" concessions (in which a Negro boy sits on a perch that drops him into water if a customer hits a target with a ball), are considered "dirty." A "clean" show is not necessarily one that has no naked dancing girls—it is simply a show that gives its customers what it promises.

Natural freaks—the Blue Man, the Half-Man-Half-Woman, the One-Eyed Man *et al.*—are carnies, and treated as equals. The conditioned freaks are barely tolerated as "gaffs." Among the gaffs, the "geek"—usually an alcoholic who earns his bottle by biting the heads off live snakes and chickens—is the lowest form of carnival life. The Jungle Girl, who must crawl around a cage of snakes and make animal noises, is only a little higher. But sometimes the jungle girls can double usefully as "sticks"—employees who pretend to be tips in order to attract others.

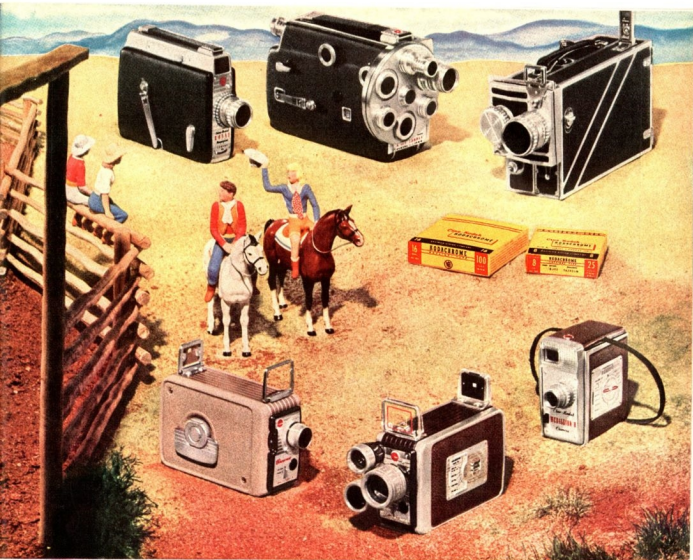
"Hey, Rubel!" Unmarried female carnies are chaperoned wherever they go. The single male may indulge himself as he



Bill James

SOCIOLOGIST KRASSOWSKI AT WORK

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pleases, but once he dates a carny girl, he must go steady with her for the rest of the season. The whole carnival celebrates a marriage or a birth. There are showers for the brides, showers for babies, collections for both. In all his affairs—his religion, home life, the way he brings up his children—the carny is left strictly alone. But if ever he is in physical danger or trouble, all he needs do is shout "Hey, Rube!" and every carny within earshot will come to his aid.

What sort of people become carnies? Usually, says Krassowski, carnies are the children or the relatives of carnies. Others achieve the status by accident. In one town a local carpenter challenged a side-show wrestler to a bout; when he won, he decided to join the carnival for good. In another town a local auto mechanic was called in to help fix a Ferris wheel, and just never left. A college zoologist worked at a carnival one summer, resigned his job at the college, now runs a snake show. A California social worker is now reading palms in a "mitt camp."

The carny world, says Sociologist Krassowski, is a tempting one: "You work like a wild donkey, you don't sleep and you lose weight. You knock the tents down and put them up and knock them down again. But I'm a carny now. In my stand, I watch the customers come in and I find myself thinking: "Poor people, poor people. They cannot do as they please."

Report Card

¶ In reversing the suspension of five ex-Communists in the New York City school system and the dismissal of one municipal college professor, New York State Education Commissioner James E. Allen Jr. ruled that though a public-school teacher must tell all about his own past activities, his superiors have no right to force him to inform on others. "A school system," said Allen, "which sets one teacher against another in this manner is not conducive toward the strength and cohesion which need to exist in order to instill character into the student body."

¶ After giving a battery of tests to 60,000 Oklahoma high-school students in the first state talent survey of its kind, Chicago's Science Research Associates shed some additional light on the nation's shortage of scientists. Of the 60,000, the S.R.A. found 7,121 to be so scientifically gifted as to be "among the very elite in America's high schools." Unfortunately, a good fourth of the talented never bothered to get good grades, and only half of the scientifically gifted are expected to go on to college.

¶ Along with the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Smith and Mount Holyoke Colleges announced that they are finally going to take full advantage of their proximity. Among the ideas for the new intercollege cooperative program they are working on: establishing a common educational FM radio station, sharing outside lectures and planning concerts together, preparing a program of remedial reading. If all goes well, the four campuses might even extend their share-the-wealth idea to regular graduate and undergraduate work.



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MEDICINE

New Tax Reduction

To help speed money for medical research, President Eisenhower signed into law a bill liberalizing income-tax provisions about contributions to medical research organizations. The new bill permits the taxpayer to make deductions for an additional 10% of his gross income (above the basic 20% allowed for contributions to charity) when the additional money goes to organizations continually engaged in research with hospitals.

Homeopathic Hassle

For 80 years homeopathic physicians* in Maryland peacefully carried on their practices. They also ran their own medical society, which, by state law, appoints a licensing board of examiners. But last week the homeopaths were hassling among themselves and with the law. Subject of the dispute: Dr. Robert H. Reddick's crusade to "save Homeopathy."

In Maryland, as in the rest of the U.S., homeopathic practice has never been popular. Today there are only 73 "pure" homeopaths practicing in the U.S., but more than 5,000 physicians combine homeopathy with M.D. practice. Reddick has an M.D. from Hahnemann Medical College, serves as senior psychiatrist at Maryland's Eastern Shore State Hospital. But homeopathy is his chosen vocation, and three years ago he launched a homeopathic revival. As a first step, he joined the nearly defunct Maryland State Homeopathic Medical Society, eventually became secretary-treasurer of both the society and the seven-man examining board, which issues licenses. Last year there were no license applications, so Go-Getter Reddick advertised for new members. Of the 23 candidates that showed up, eleven were from a correspondence college (Fremont) in Los Angeles; seven from an uncertified, non-active San Francisco school (Western Medical College) that graduated only one class in the last four years. None was a resident of the state. But with a Maryland license, each could practice in 25 states and territories that recognize Maryland licensing through reciprocity.

The A.M.A. protested, as did Reddick's own colleagues on the board. But Reddick allowed the questionable candidates to take qualifying exams, issued licenses to take—after complaining that he had to retrieve four exam papers "stolen by a chambermaid in the pay of the A.M.A."

The new licensees promptly took over control of the Homeopathic Society, fired

* A branch of medicine established in Germany in 1810 by Dr. Samuel Christian Friedrich Hahnemann. It is based on a principle that drugs which will cause certain symptoms will also relieve the same symptoms. Example: when a patient has a fever, a regular doctor will try to find and remove its cause. A homeopath, on the other hand, will treat fevers (from diverse causes) with a drug that itself causes fever, on the theory that "like cures like." Among those who have had homeopaths to treat them: Queen Elizabeth II and Pope Pius XII.



Ellis Maloshuk—The Sun Papers
HOMEOPATH REDDICK
Pursued by the doctors' maid.

dissenters. While legal briefs were flying, Reddick blithely prepared to license 59 more out-of-state applicants, all dubiously qualified. Meanwhile, the society voted a \$500 assessment for all recent members to be used by Reddick for the "protection and maintenance of homeopathy." When Reddick tried to qualify the 59 newcomers, a sheriff and deputies broke up the proceedings. But Reddick nevertheless licensed 50 of the 59.

In June, Maryland Attorney General C. Ferdinand Sybert finally determined to get tough. Into Dorchester County courthouse marched Dr. Reddick, loudly charging that the A.M.A. was "out to get homeopathy." This week Judge Joseph R. Byrnes held that Reddick had engaged in a "bold conspiracy" to issue licenses "to persons wholly unqualified to receive them." Dr. Reddick and seven of his colleagues were as good as out of business.

Problem Drinkers

A bunch of the boys from Judd & Detweiler, a Washington printing firm, decided to get together one weekend last fall for an oyster roast. They scarcely had their schooners of beer operating before, one after another, they broke out in splotches and began to feel palpitation and extreme drowsiness. Comparing notes, they discovered that they had all experienced the symptoms before when drinking. Word got around the plant, and 58 other sufferers stepped forward. Together they petitioned management to explain why they were unable to take alcohol.

Management turned the problem over to Washington Internist Dr. William Lewis. Recruiting four printers from the color presses and one from the black-and-white presses, Dr. Lewis took samples of their blood and urine, sent them around the

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corner for a quick snort. When they came back, only the color-press printers had developed the characteristic symptoms. Dr. Lewis concentrated his studies on the color-press room, learned by interviewing the 240 men who worked there that the symptoms were most marked in the winter, when the heat was on and the windows closed. After more tests with two of the most persistent sufferers, Printers Angelo Puglisi and William Grimes, Dr. Lewis consulted Skin Specialist Dr. Louis Schwartz, concluded that the reaction was similar to the reaction of drinkers to Antabuse, the anti-alcoholism drug which produces nausea and other physical disorders (TIME, Oct. 29, 1951). Then he learned that the company had recently doubled the amount of antiscum compound used in its color inks. Over at the ink-manufacturing plant he found that weekend drinkers were suffering the same ill effects. Dr. Lewis shut up Volunteers Puglisi and Grimes with a basin of antiscum compound, set them to playing cards and later to drinking whisky. They emerged splotted, red-eyed and drowsy. That cleared up the mystery. Like Antabuse, the antiscum compound (butanal oxime) was interfering with the complete oxidation of alcohol in the body, thus increasing the acetaldehyde content of the blood.

Judd & Detweiler switched to another antiscum compound. The boys started hoisting them again. Said happy Printer Puglisi last week: "Nobody's sick around here any more."

Dr. Robot

Many patients feel that physicians have come to rely too much on gadgets, have grown too mechanical in their approach. Latest advance in mechanical medicine: a machine that diagnoses disease.

Developed by French Ophthalmologist François Paycha, it is a compact, shiny affair like the business machines that keep records on punch cards. A student of cybernetics and automation, Paycha picked diseases of the cornea for his test effort. He punched hundreds of cards for the various symptoms and characteristics of corneal disease. Then he examined a patient, asked the usual questions and recorded the findings by hitting selected keys from 200 on the machine's keyboard. Examples: no ulceration (a negative sign can be as important as the positive), deep-seated opacity, deep-seated blood vessels, no edema, normal sensitivity. Then the machine sorted the cards, rejecting those that did not match the patient's symptoms. It offered half a dozen as meeting all the requirements, e.g., congenital syphilis, result of an old injury or chemical burn—more likely from an alkali than an acid. From these, Paycha could make a careful diagnosis.

To a large extent, the machine relies on the talents of the doctor using it. If an inexperienced physician had made the examination, he would have punched fewer keys and been flooded with confusing cards. But, when Paycha's robot doctor was displayed at the World Cybernetics Congress in Namur, Belgium, ex-



R. Port
INVENTOR PAYCHA & DIAGNOSIS MACHINE
The answer is in the cards.

per ophthalmologists welcomed it because its memory is infallible. To brief his machine on the cornea, Dr. Paycha fed it a whole textbook plus references to articles in medical journals. Next project: glaucoma and diseases of the iris. Inventor Paycha believes his robot will work for any organ. His ultimate goal: to have a medical publishing house prepare sets of the cards so that mass health surveys as well as medical colleges and hospitals may use cybernetic diagnosis.

Home Remedy for Burns

To fight severe burns, modern medicine has experimented with all kinds of remedies—tannic acid (now in some disrepute), bandaging, baths, skin grafting, diet, even hypnosis. But the victim of an extensive burn (more than 10% of the skin) is in most critical danger from loss of fluid and shock. The standard treatment for this has long been to administer either whole blood or blood plasma intravenously. Since plasma is often not available and since it often contains hepatitis virus, doctors have been looking for a simpler remedy. Last week a team of U.S. Public Health Service scientists announced that they had found it. Their remedy: a solution of simple table salt and baking soda, taken orally.

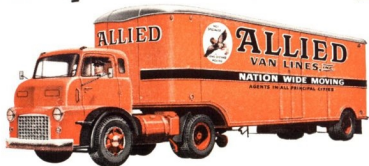
Although salt and baking soda has been a remedy for burns for many years, nobody had suggested that it could be substituted for plasma injections. The present findings are based on a four-year study of burn victims conducted by U.S. and Peruvian researchers in Lima. If administered within three hours after injury, the scientists found, the saline solution (two teaspoons of table salt to one of baking soda in two quarts of water) acts just as effectively as plasma in warding off shock. The victim may drink as many as seven quarts of the solution in the first twelve hours. Later, the patient gets standard hospital burn treatment.

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RELIGION

Drama in Frankfurt

Germany last week was a stage for an unexpected act in a great drama—the struggle between the pain and glory of freedom under God and the numb death of tyranny under man. It was *Kirchentag*—a five-day rally of Germany's Evangelical Church—and church officials had never seen such crowds. Protestants streamed in from all over the country. 80,000 on the first day, 300,000 at the close (the U.S. Army provided tents to house some of the visitors). Long before the proceedings began, they packed medieval Roemerberg Square and flowed out into the surrounding side streets, eating sausages and drinking beer before getting down to the serious business. The festive atmosphere suggested a public disputation from Reformation times. Banners waved; huge flats proclaimed such Christian symbols as a cross, a dove, a hand, the watchful eye of God. Dignitaries of state and black-robed bishops sat in bleachers, preparing to watch the debate that was shaping up. What made the occasion particularly poignant was the presence of 23,000 Protestants from the East zone, who have been living under Communist rule.

Church officials tried hard to muffle political realities. "Be ye reconciled to God" (*II Corinthians 5: 20*) was the official theme, and Pastor Martin Niemöller opened the *Kirchentag* with a sermon that steered clear of secular applications. But in a Germany that is bifurcated geographically, politically and ideologically, the word reconciliation had overtones. One was "reunification"; another the question of conciliation between the Christians in East Germany and the Communist state; another the conflict, in the Evangelical Church itself, between the pro-West faction and neutralists.

The Flaming Cherub. The discussion groups at Frankfurt's fair grounds on the *Kirchentag's* second day were broken up into six themes, but by far the biggest drawing card was "People and Politics." Bonn government officials were on hand to listen, and from East Germany came Deputy Premier Otto Nuschke and President Johannes Dieckmann of the East zone's rubber-stamp parliament. While Nuschke fidgeted and nervously massaged his nose, a crowd of 12,000 heard Evangelical Leader Günter Jacob of Cottbus, East Germany describe the sinister magnetism the totalitarian state exerts upon man. Applause had been discouraged by *Kirchentag* officials, but again and again the crowd broke in to cheer Jacob's words.

"The [materialist] system," he said, "confronts disjointed man, driven about as he is by a compulsion to flee and hide from God . . . in the guise of exact science . . . In the name of science God is explained as a mere reflex of a primitive state of fear . . . Thus the system promises man deliverance from God and, simultaneously, deliverance from the anxiety deep down in himself. Suppose the



COMMUNISTS' NUSCHKE
A stab in the back.

flaming cherub were not really posted before the closed gate of Paradise at all? Suppose the gate were unlocked and all you need do is to enter, in mighty concert with progressive humanity . . . ? Would you, then, not at last find steadiness and purpose . . . ?

"Let there be no mistake about this: such a system founded on godlessness is something of a magnetic field . . . But such a system ever remains merely another hiding place for man, like a giant, massive concrete bunker." And the voice of God penetrates even the bunker. "That is why all attempts in the East and in the



PROTESTANTS' JACOB
A voice in the bunker.

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West to achieve salvation and wholeness under . . . godlessness are doomed to impotence."

"Help Us!" From then on, the *Kirchentag* was aflame with the thought of freedom. Next day Otto Nuschke was scorched by the flame. "Help us, Brother Nuschke," someone cried, "so that we may speak freely in our churches!" Paunchy old Otto Nuschke ascended the speaker's stand, and his grey Vandyke waggled as he launched into familiar appeals for the banning of atomic weapons, declared that the "materialistic" state was actually trying to help the churches. But no one was listening. As the hostile hubbub in the hall increased, a voice called out: "You have stabbed the church in the back, Brother Nuschke . . ."

"Not true, not true," muttered Otto Nuschke. He picked up his cane and stomped out of the hall. Earlier, Johannes Dieckmann had sped homeward in his black Russian Zis limousine.



Courtesy of Cornhill Magazine
DAME LAURENTIA MCLACHLAN
Help for a poor wanderer.

Brother Bernardo

Devilish old George Bernard Shaw loved to kick a cloven hoof in the face of convention, complacency and the church. Many of his contemporaries considered him one of the world's leading atheists. Now, in the 100th anniversary of his birth, old G.B.S. is taking on a different look. Magazines on both sides of the Atlantic are currently carrying a touching correspondence between Shaw and the abbess of a Roman Catholic convent of cloistered contemplative nuns.⁸ The letters reveal the warmth behind the mocker, the loneliness of the wit who was condemned to see every side of every question.

Dame Laurentia McLachlan, who died

⁸ In the U.S., the *Atlantic*; in England, the *Cornhill*. The letters are excerpts from a book, *In a Great Tradition*, to be published by John Murray.

three years ago, was introduced to Shaw in 1924 by a mutual friend after she had expressed admiration of his play, *St. Joan*. G.B.S. and his wife called upon her at the Benedictine abbey of Stanbrook, and she wrote afterwards: "It seems that the life here, and therefore the Church does attract him. God give me grace to help this poor wanderer . . ." Later Shaw sent her a copy of *St. Joan* inscribed "To Sister Laurentia from Brother Bernard," and a rich friendship was under way.

Square Root of Minus x. Their subject was always Christianity—a subject on which Shaw managed to maintain his Shavian air of omniscience while still showing an un-Shavian tenderness and humility. "I am quite aware," he wrote, "that Catholicism has produced more more audacious philosophic speculation than Protestantism. What is more, there is no Rationalism so rationalistic as Catholic Rationalism. When the monk [quoted by Dame Laurentia] said that Protestantism destroys the brain I think he meant that Protestantism leads men to break through the limits of reason, just as the mathematicians did when finding they could get no further with possible quantities, they assumed impossible ones like the square root of minus x. I exhausted rationalism when I got to the end of my second novel at the age of 24, and should have come to a dead stop if I had not proceeded to purely mystical assumptions. . . . When we are next touring in your neighborhood I shall again shake your bars and look longingly at the freedom on the other side of them."

From the Holy Land he brought back two pebbles, "one to be thrown blindfold among the others in Stanbrook garden so that there may always be a stone from Bethlehem there, though nobody will know which it is and be tempted to steal it, and the other for your own self." The second stone he had mounted on a silver model of a medieval reliquary, surmounted by a figure of the child Jesus. When it was suggested that it bear some kind of inscription, he wrote: "Why can it not be a secret between us and Our Lady and the little boy? What the devil—saving your cloth—could we put on it? . . . Our fingerprints are on it, and Heaven knows whose footprints may be on the stone. Isn't that enough?"

Again and again Shaw asked for the nuns' prayers. "Nobody can tell what influence these prayers have. If the ether is full of these impulses of goodwill to me so much the better for me: it would be shockingly unscientific to doubt it. So let the sisters give me all the prayers they can spare; and don't forget me in yours."

"Hullo, Mary!" Publication of Shaw's iconoclastic parable, *The Black Girl in Search of God*, temporarily broke the friendship between the nun and the old man, though he insisted to her that it was directly inspired by God and wrote on the flyleaf of the proof sheets he sent her: "An Inspiration which came in response to the prayers of the nuns of Stanbrook Abbey and in particular to the prayers of his dear Sister Laurentia for Bernard

Shaw." They argued bitterly over it by mail. "You are the most unreasonable woman I ever knew . . ." wrote Shaw. "You think you are a better Catholic than I, but my view of the Bible is the view of the Fathers of the Church; and yours is that of a Belfast Protestant to whom the Bible is a fetish . . . But you must go on praying for me, however surprising the results may be."

One of the surprising results was his suggestion, in *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, that "the Godhead must contain the Mother as well as the Father." Dame Laurentia was outraged at the thought of deifying Mary, and took him to task. "You want me, as if it were a sort of penance, to say a lot of Hail Maries," he flashed back. "But I am always saying Hail, Mary! on my travels . . . I say it in my own natural and sincere way when She turns up in the temples and tombs of Egypt and among the gods of Hindustan—Hallo, Mary! For



G.B.S.
Two pebbles from the Holy Land.

you really cannot get away from Her . . . She favours Brother Bernardo with special revelations and smiles at his delighted 'Hullo, Mary!' When I write a play like *The Simpleton* and have to deal with divinity in it She jogs my elbow at the right moment and whispers 'Now Brother B. don't forget me, And I don't.'

Toward the close of his long life, the sharp old man paused happily each birthday among the scrap baskets full of congratulations to thank his cloistered friend for her good wishes. "If I try to sneak into paradise behind you they will be too glad to see you to notice me," he wrote once. His 94th and last birthday marked the end of these exchanges: "God must be tired of all these prayers for this fellow Shaw whom He doesn't like. He has promised His servant Laurentia that He will do His best for him, and we had better leave it at that."



Photograph by D'Arco

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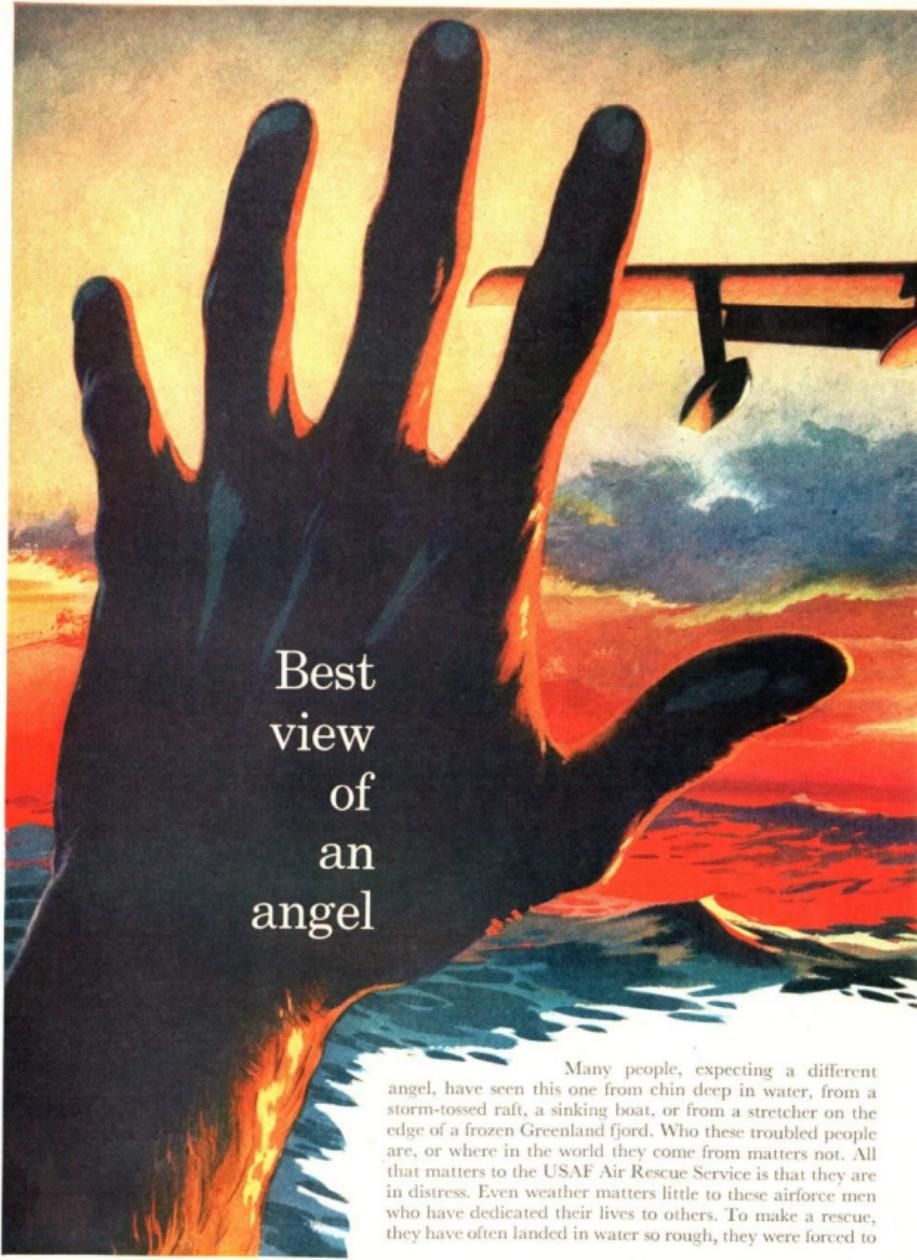
New and better roads are vital to America's continued growth. And among the natural resources essential to road construction are rock products—crushed stone for roadbeds, limestone for cement, aggregate for concrete, and fine stones for "black top" surfacing.

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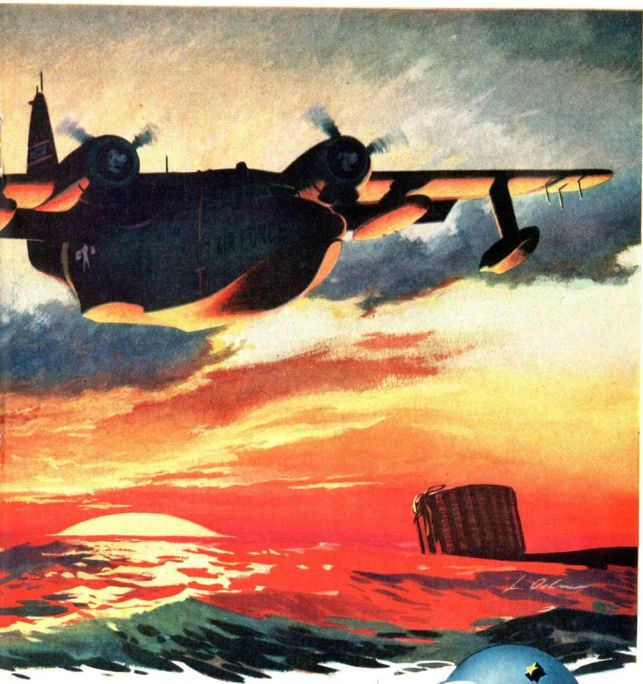


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Forbidding Land

Most adult Americans regard the world of mathematics with a sort of baffled awe. James R. Newman, 49, a Washington lawyer with a lively interest in tennis, chess and atomic energy and an academic background including graduate work in mathematics at Columbia University, is not one of these. He is fascinated by numbers. "I don't consider myself a mathematician," he says, "at least not an original, creative mathematician." But few professionals would quibble with Lawyer Newman's credentials as a gifted interpreter in their little-traveled land.

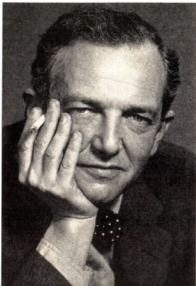
Last week Publishers Simon & Schuster were beaming over the page proofs of Newman's latest work that will be published next month. *The World of Mathematics* is a massive, four-volume anthology of the best writing in the field, from the time man started to figure on papyrus to the automatons that can replace man. The editors have reason to beam. The anthology is already a runaway best-seller—an astounding fact, since publishers traditionally expect prestige rather than profits from first-rate scientific books. Dodged by a \$100,000 advertising campaign, the public has almost bought out the first printing of 100,000 at the prepublication price of \$14.95. (Norman Vincent Peale's bestselling *The Power of Positive Thinking* had an advance sale of 44,831.)

Fissionable Personality. In the 15 years since Newman began working on the anthology with his left hand, his right hand has been busy with enough careers to fill a lifetime. During World War II he hopped between government agencies, spent a term as special assistant to Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson. In 1945 he became counsel to the Senate Special Committee on Atomic Energy. With the late Senator Brien McMahon, Newman helped write the key bill that placed atomic development under civilian control. Since the war he has been a magazine editor (*Scientific American*, the *New Republic*) and a visiting lecturer in law at Yale. Sometimes controversial and always spectacular wherever he goes, Newman was once described as a "remarkably fissionable personality."

Newman's personal radioactivity occasionally sizzles through in the 1,100,000 words of his anthology. He professes surprise at finding "independence of judgment and boldness of conception" in the writing of an engineer (Frederick William Lanchester). Later he suggests that mathematicians should examine the beautiful and the good because "philosophers, theologians, writers on esthetics and other experts have been probing these matters for more than 2,000 years without making any notable advance."

Newman's commentaries deftly introduce such diverse figures as Physicists Galileo and Newton, Economists Keynes and Malthus, Mathematicians von Neu-

mann and Russell, Humorists Carroll (who also taught geometry) and Leacock. The subject matter is equally varied, includes Daniel Bernoulli's kinetic theory of gases, Clement Durell's discussion of Einstein's theory of relativity ("It is against common sense," says Newman of the theory, "but so at first were the ideas of vaccination and of men living upside down in the Antipodes"), a mathematical assessment of military strength by Frederick Lanchester (Newman notes that abstract theories of science often turn out to be quite practical, "as if one bought a top hat for a wedding and discovered later,



Philippe Holman

ANTHOLOGIST NEWMAN

Fascinated by numbers.

when a fire broke out, that it could be used as a water bucket"), and the two-dimensional world of Edwin A. Abbott, inhabited by characters cut from plane geometry.

Obscene Quantities. Newman feels about the 15 years he spent on his anthology as he feels about his adolescence: "I don't begrudge the time, but I wouldn't want to repeat it." Vacationing on Cape Cod last week, he attributed the thumping advance sales to guilt feelings on the part of adults about their lack of mathematical knowledge. "That's probably why they're buying my book in such obscene quantities," he speculated. "They may feel that if they can make some human contact with this terrifying subject, they'll be able to find some entrance, some passage through it."

Says Anthologist Newman (co-author with Edward Kasner of *Mathematics and the Imagination*, a 1940 bestseller): "I'm dumbfounded at the reception the books have got. I don't write for a living. I wrote these books because I enjoyed doing it and, I suppose, because I wanted to hear myself talk—which is every author's

reason for writing. *The World of Mathematics* is a very good book, but the fact that it's selling so well is really unrelated to the quality of the book—up to now, at least, because all that people have seen is the table of contents. It must be there's enough in the table of contents to draw people's imagination and make them want to go on—even though it is in a field which is generally thought of as forbidding."

An Anti-Matter Universe?

The anti-proton—atomic twin of the proton but with a negative rather than a positive charge—was once only a well-reasoned theory. Nuclear physicists knew the particle must exist, but not until last year did they lay hands on one, and then they had to create it themselves (TIME, Oct. 31 et seq.).

Since then, many scientists have wondered if all nature is as balanced between matter and anti-matter as the atom is between positive and negative charges. If so, where are all the anti-protons to balance the protons that help make up the known universe? Writing in *Science*, Dr. Maurice Goldhaber, 45, senior physicist at Brookhaven National Laboratory, suggests a startling theory. Could it be, asks Scientist Goldhaber, that the missing anti-protons form a whole separate universe of anti-matter?

The most popular theories of the origin of matter assume only the asymmetric creation of nucleons (protons and neutrons). But what about the creation of anti-nucleons (anti-protons and anti-neutrons)? To preserve symmetry, Goldhaber postulates that all matter—positive and negative—may be traced to an unstable, giant particle that he calls the "universon." At some dawn of time this particle split into a positively charged "cosmon" and a negatively charged "anticosmon," much like a fundamental particle, e.g., a heavy meson, disintegrating automatically into two oppositely charged particles. Energy released by the split shored apart the cosmon and anti-cosmon at tremendous speeds.

After the split, the cosmon decayed into the known universe. "The anti-cosmon may or may not have decayed by now, since spontaneous decay is a process governed by a statistical law," says Goldhaber. "If it did decay (forming an 'anti-cosmos'), any anti-nucleons that are shot out with sufficient velocity to reach our cosmos will annihilate some part of it, possibly establishing a deviation from spherical symmetry in the distribution of matter in our cosmos."

But Goldhaber readily admits that no one has any evidence that an anti-matter universe has ever so tampered with the known universe. In fact, man does not now have the evidence—or the tools—to prove or disprove the anti-universe theory. "This is not the kind of debate that is settled overnight," Goldhaber said last week as his fellow scientists began to grapple with his science-fictionlike hypothesis. "I'm only asking a question, not making a statement."

MUSIC

Mood Indigo & Beyond

(See Cover)

The chill of a moonless July midnight was in the air, and some of the 11,000 jazz buffs in Newport, R.I.'s Freebody Park drifted towards the gate. In the tented area behind the bandstand, musicians who had finished playing for the final night of Newport's third jazz festival were packing their instruments and saying goodbye. The festival was just about over. But onstage famed Bandleader Duke Ellington, a trace of coldness rimming his urbanity, refused to recognize the fact. He announced one of his 1938 compositions, *Diminuendo in Blue and Crescendo in Blue*. A strange, spasmodic air, that carried memories of wilderness and city, rose through the salt-scented night air like a fire on a beach. Minutes passed. People

leader Ellington to stop. When the fellow's entreaties got too emphatic, Duke wagged a soothing finger at him and said mildly, "Don't be rude to the artists."

The event last month marked not only the turning point in one concert; it confirmed a turning point in a career. The big news was something that the whole jazz world had long hoped to hear: the Ellington band was once again the most exciting thing in the business. Ellington himself had emerged from a long period of quiescence and was once again bursting with ideas and inspiration.

At 57, Edward Kennedy Ellington, jazzman, composer, and beyond question one of America's topflight musicians, is a magic name to two generations of Americans. His *Mood Indigo*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Solitude*, and countless other dreamy tunes have become as familiar as any other

band met to record the four new songs they had written, while wives and friends looked on. At midnight the whole crew got on the bus and left for Buffalo, where the next night they played for a Negro fraternity meeting. The affair lasted till 4 a.m. Back in New York Duke stayed up late (noon) and got up early (2 p.m.) in order to keep appointments with TV crews and the press. At week's end he was off for a handful of one-night stands before settling down for one of his periodic long runs: a fortnight's engagement in Chicago's Blue Note Café.

Hot Licks. Although Ellington's outfit is the only big band that has never been disbanded in its 29 years, its character has changed over the decades as death or a yen for adventure changed its roster. Yet the Ellington sound is as distinctive today as it ever was. Apart from the Duke himself, its dominant personality is provided by two men who have been with it longest: Harry Carney and the hoarse, jovial tone of his big baritone saxophone, Johnny Hodges and the refined, almost brutally sensual whine of his alto. The other characteristic sounds are the tantrum-tempered groans and howls of the growl brassy with plunger mute,* an effect originally discovered by the late Trumpeter Bubba Miley, now played on trombone by Quentin ("Butter") Jackson and on trumpet by Ray Nance.

When the saxophones play together, their tone is tinted by one of Duke's innovations, the split harmony, which hauntingly infects the whole quality of a chord. They seem to play with a fierce joy which is stimulated by the rude sting of the trumpets—or by their melting pleasure—and the short-tempered, but softened beats of the trombones. The sound combinations are already fairly routine in almost any band of today. But in the Ellington band such background licks take on the coherence of speech and frequently turn into lively conversation. In *My Funny Valentine*, for instance, the blue mood of its start turns black in the second chorus; the dialogue becomes desperate and reaches a violent climax before tranquility is restored.

Fickle Tricks. The man who is responsible for this remarkable musical idiom is a tall (6 ft. 1 in.), rangy (185 lbs.) fellow whose newfound trimness parallels his rediscovered energies. His habitual expression combines curiosity, mockery and humor. In his pleasant Harlem apartment or in his dressing room, he usually goes about in his shorts, possibly to preserve the creases in his 100-plus suits of clothes. His public personality resembles his public appearance, which is fastidious to the point of frivolity; few are the people who get a glimpse of the man beneath this polished exterior. "You gotta be older," he explains, "to realize that many of the people you meet are mediocrities. You have to let them run off you like water off a duck's back. Otherwise, they drag



SIDEMEN TERRY, GONSALVES, HAMILTON

Robert Forest

turned back from the exits; snoozers woke up. All at once the promise of new excitement revived the dying evening.

At that magic moment Ellington's Paul Gonsalves was ripping off a fast but insinuating solo on his tenor saxophone, his fancies dandled by a bounding beat on bass and drums (Jimmy Woode and Sam Woodyard). The Duke himself tweaked an occasional fragment on the high piano. Gradually, the beat began to ricochet from the audience as more and more fans began to clap hands on the offbeats until the crowd was one vast, rhythmic chorus, yelling its approval. There were howls of "More! More!" and there was dancing in the aisles. One young woman broke loose from her escort and rioted solo around the field, while a young man encouraged her by shouting, "Go, go, go!" Festival officials began to fear that something like a rock 'n' roll riot was taking place. One of them was pleading with beaming Band-

songs since Stephen Foster. As jazz composer he is beyond categorizing—there is hardly a musician in the field who has not been influenced by the Ellington style. His style contains the succinctness of concert music and the excitement of jazz. His revival comes at a time when most bandleaders who thrived in the golden '30s are partly or completely out of business,* and few have risen to replace them.

Last week Bandleader Ellington returned to New York from a four-night swing through New England and spent his first 24 hours in the company of his arranger, Billy Strayhorn, poring over a pad of hot score paper. Next night the

* Benny Goodman plays occasional weekend dates, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey have combined their bands, Artie Shaw is out of the music business, Cab Calloway is appearing as a solo singing act. Such sweet-music bandleaders as Guy Lombardo and Sammy Kaye, however, are still going strong.

* Actually, the business end of a "plumber's helper."



JAZZ BUFFS DIGGING ELLINGTON AT NEWPORT FESTIVAL

Robert Parent

you down." Even his close friends say he never exposes himself to unpleasantness if he can help it. Says one: "He likes pretty pictures and pretty melodies."

Often, his efforts to avoid unpleasantness take the form of hypochondria—as he puts it, "I'm a doctor freak." Although his doctor says he is an unusually healthy specimen, Duke tends to mistrust his ability to stay well; if his pulse rate seems slow to him in Las Vegas, it means a call to New York for his doctor to take the next plane out. He will not tolerate air

conditioning—"You know, I'm delicate. My hair gets wet, the air conditioning hits it, and I get a sharp pain right down the middle of my back." His personal vanity extends to his feet, which he exercises against the wall at odd moments during his busy days and nights.

Even the Duke himself has trouble fathoming the hidden truths of his personality, although he likes to try. "I may be a heel," he will say, "but I hate for people to think so." Or, "I always take the easy way." Perhaps his best estimate

of his life and career is a self-deprecating one: "I'm so damned fickle," he says, "I never could stick with what I was doing—always wanted to try something new. I never accumulated any money, so I always had to keep working."

At Lost, Clicks. When Edward Ellington was born in Washington, D.C. in 1899, the capital was jiggling to the insolent rhythms of ragtime pianists. Farther west Buddy Bolden's fabulous cornet was shaking New Orleans' levees, and such young idolaters as Joe ("King") Oliver and Sidney Bechet were soon to hammer out the rudiments of instrumental jazz. Washington jazz tended to strings—pianos, banjos, violins—but it had the same ancestry: the sophisticated rhythms of African drums, which later took on a more succinct and sensuous character as they drifted through the Caribbean islands, gradually infiltrated the U.S. via New Orleans and the East Coast. The East Coast variety, with its own flavors added, eventually became the ragtime of Duke's childhood.

"Man, those were two-fisted piano players," he recalls. "Men like Sticky Mack and Doc Perry and James P. Johnson and Willie 'The Lion' Smith. With their left hand, they'd play big chords for the bass note, and just as big ones for the offbeat, and they really swang. The right hand played real pretty. They did things technically you wouldn't believe."

Ellington's father was first a butler, then a caterer, and eventually a blueprint technician, and he provided well for his family. Duke had art lessons, at which he did extremely well, and piano lessons, which he never mastered. He felt they cramped his style. He worked in a soda fountain after school, and spent his hours at home working out his own method of playing the piano. By the time he was 14, he had started a piece called *Soda Fountain Rag*, and he played it so many



George Rowen

CONDUCTOR ELLINGTON (AT FAIRFIELD, CONN. CONCERT)



WITH COTTON CLUB DANCERS IN 1930
Willie The Lion let him sit in.

Max P. Hoas—European

different ways that people thought it was several compositions.

Soon Duke and his friends were playing for private affairs and dances at Washington's True Reformers Hall. A musical contractor arranged bookings in return for half of the fees. Duke noticed that the contractor got his business from a small ad in the classified phone book, so the boy took an ad himself, and he clicked. After that he never had to split his fees. Before long he had a house, a car, a wife and a son, Mercer. But his musical friends all moved to New York, where the jazz was hot. Duke followed in 1922, though it meant a fresh start, many penniless months, and a separation from his wife that became permanent.

Lucky Six. "A pal and I used to go see Willie The Lion at his club—the Capitol Palace—and Fats Waller at the Orient, and they'd let us sit in and cut in on the tips," Duke recalls. "Every day we'd go play pool until we made \$2. With \$2 we'd get a pair of 75¢ steaks, beer for a quarter, and have a quarter left for tomorrow." He did his own housework, including mending and pressing his tailor-made suits, always impeccably kept. Periodically, there was work for his five-man combo—Arthur Whetsel on trumpet, Otto Hardwick on bass and alto, Sonny Greer on drums and Elmer Snowden on banjo—but the real break came in 1927. "You know, I'm lucky," says Duke. "I'm lucky because I like pretty music—some people don't—and can write it down. And I was lucky when we auditioned for the Cotton Club job. Six other bands auditioned, and they were all on time. We were late, but the big boss was late too, and he heard us and he never heard the others." Duke enlarged his band to eleven pieces and stayed at the Cotton Club on Harlem's Lenox Avenue for five years.

As soon as he got on his feet, Duke sent for his mother. "I was never out of her sight until I was eight," he says. "She and my father even used to take me to dances and see me on the bandstand while they danced." He bought her furs

and a big diamond ring, and sought her advice constantly. When he toured, she would follow him around the country. When she died, Duke wept in his sister's arms. As for his father, Duke had long since made him road manager of his band.

Every man in the early Ellington band—as in today's—was a soloist, and the music they played was unlike anything anyone had ever heard. Recalls a friend: "One time at the Cotton Club the entire brass section arose and delivered such an intricate and unbelievably integrated chorus that Eddy Duchin, who was in the audience, literally rolled on the floor under his table—in ecstasy." Says Ellington: "We didn't think of it as jazz; we thought of it as Negro music."

It was, indeed, full of thudding toms, sizzling cymbals and gongs. Much of it had an undulating, tropical beat that might have emerged from Africa, and its saxes wailed and its brasses growled in cheerful ill temper. The titles, themselves an important part of the magical atmosphere, were such things as *East St. Louis Toodle-oo*, *The Mooche*, *Creole Love Call* and *Black and Tan Fantasy*. By that time, Composer Ellington was already making some of his important innovations; e.g., the use of a wordless soprano as if she were a musical instrument, and compositions of unusual length for a jazz band (his *Reminiscing in Tempo* was spread over four record sides).

Duke Ellington really started to get around. Recalls one of Duke's former managers: "I've traveled all over with him. I've seen Duke between a real duke and lady-so-and-so, and when he's dressed in those tails, he's as fine a gentleman as England could produce."

"Duke and his band played in England during the Economic Conference, in 1933. They were playing in Lord Beaverbrook's tremendous palace at a party. Jack Hylton's band played waltzes till midnight, and Duke took over at midnight. This mob, they'd never heard music like that. I was standing with Beaverbrook and Lady Mountbatten. We were watching

all of these dignitaries, all diamonds and medals and what not. Beaverbrook was so taken with the music, and he said the mob was like a bunch of kids. He asked me questions about the band. I explained this was swing music. The Duke has the type of rhythm that more or less gets into your veins when you're dancing. Beaverbrook wrote an editorial about us."

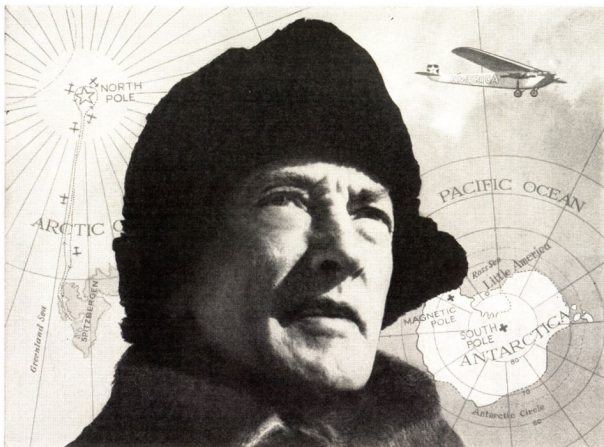
Quick Fix. In those days Negroes were still segregated on Broadway. Duke recalls going to work at a nightclub called the Hurricane, which he found a good spot until he began getting complaints from his Harlem friends; not one of them had been able to get in. Ellington spoke to the owner, and it was not long before the doors were opened. Duke is not a militant foe of segregation. He plays for segregated audiences on his annual swings through the South—"everybody does"—and feels lucky that there has never been an incident.

In 1926 Duke met an agent and lyric writer named Irving Mills, and Mills became manager of the band as well as Ellington's personal representative and partner. Out of this relationship came Duke's most successful years as a composer and bandleader, almost in spite of himself. "Oh yes," Mills would say, offhandedly, waving his fat cigar. "We've got a recording date tomorrow. Four new songs." Or, "Oh yes. We're going to introduce a new big work next week." *Creole Rhapsody*, Duke's first composition of greater than pop-tune dimensions (1932), came about after one of Manager Mills's press conferences. At that time *Creole Rhapsody* was just another little tune. A reporter wanted to know how come it was called "rhapsody," and Mills offhandedly said that it was "part of a larger work." And Duke Ellington, too proud to let his manager down, and unwilling to let such a

✱ In the London *Daily Express*, advocating colored colonial Members of Parliament, Press Lord Beaverbrook took Ellington as a fine example of his race, described him as "a genius of Negro music. He sat by the side of his host, modest, dignified, delighting all the company with his gay mind and splendid bearing."



WITH MANAGER MILLS IN PARIS
The Beaver wrote an editorial.



Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, USN (Ret.), the world's foremost living explorer, was the first man to fly over the North Pole (1926), over the South Pole (1928), the first to make a non-stop flight across the Atlantic in a multi-engined aircraft (1927). His expeditions have explored far more of the Antarctic than the expeditions of all other nations combined. Today he is Officer in Charge of the entire U. S. Antarctic Program.

COMPETITION PAYS OFF AT 60° BELOW ZERO

By REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD, USN (RET.)

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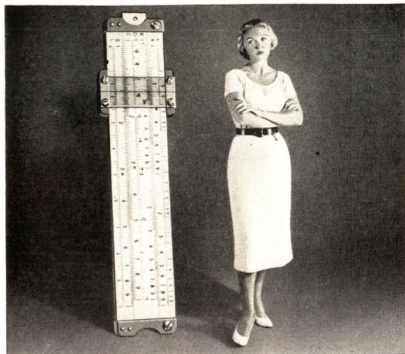
"Since the time of my first expeditions I have noted consistent dramatic improvements in our fuels and lubricants, until now they have become so

cold-resistant that machinery can be operated efficiently at temperatures of 50 and 60 degrees below zero.

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Richard E. Byrd



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Ellington, who seems to derive inspiration from being on the move, wrote many of the tunes in a taxi on the way to the studio, or even in the studio. Sometimes he would jump out of bed in the middle of the night, grunt a tune that had just come to him and play it on the piano. It made little difference, since all new numbers had to be worked out anyhow. “You play this,” Duke would say to one musician at a time, while noodling out a tune on the piano. As soon as they heard a phrase, the musicians learned it, and then toyed with it until they made it sound as if they had invented it themselves.

Even accidents were turned to advantage. One day, when only half the band arrived for a recording session, a new distribution of voices was evolved on the spot to make the few sound richer. The tune was *Mood Indigo*, and the broad-spaced trio at the start became one of Duke's sound trademarks. Other tunes lay fallow in the band's books until somebody set words to them and they caught on, e.g., *Never No Lament (Don't Get Around Much Any More)*, *Concerto for Cootie (Do Nothin' 'Til You Hear from Me)*. Ellington is accustomed to hearing his ideas unexpectedly used by other songwriters, and is resigned to it.

Counting Chicks. Duke's fertile mind continued to turn out songs, even when there were no recording deadlines to meet. The band could now play a week's worth of dances and never repeat itself or play any composer except Ellington. During the early years, Ellington found that one hit tune a year was enough to keep the band popular. What kind of music did he think he was writing? Mostly, he thinks it was folk music. In any case, he says, his songs are “all about women,” and almost any one who listens receptively will agree. Duke is well qualified to discourse musically—or any other way—on the chicks, as he calls them. He has made a long and continuing study of the subject, and is himself the object of study by his subjects. As soon as he appears on a Harlem sidewalk, the street becomes crowded with chicks. The young ones merely ask for his autograph; older ones pass with glittering, sideling glances beneath lowered lashes.

In 1939 Musician Ellington and Manager Mills agreed to go separate ways (Mills has since become a successful music publisher). One of Duke's subsequent adventures was *Jump for Joy*, which he wrote and produced with a group of Hollywood artists. It was a revue designed to fight Uncle Tomism in the entertainment world, and the show folded after twelve weeks of backstage wrangling. As usual, Duke had written for his own band, and the band was in the pit. “We stayed out there for a while, just bare, keeping our heads above water,” he says. “But there were not enough people clamoring to buy at our price. So we put the price up. We gave a concert in Carnegie Hall.”

Pop Kicks. It was about the same time that Duke got what he calls “the check.” Things were very black. There was a



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line in the same plant. Thus, during its 40th anniversary year, Boeing leaves behind the age of piston-powered aviation. The company, a pioneer in jet-flight development, is now devoting its facilities to building jet aircraft exclusively. In addition to the KC-135, its jet production includes the 707 commercial transport, the eight-jet B-52 and the six-jet B-47 bombers.

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George Rowen

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recording ban on,[®] which meant no extra fees, and the band was taking a \$500 loss a week just to play at a club with a "wire," i.e., a radio hookup. "I was short of cash," he says, "so I went into the William Morris office to negotiate a small loan. While I was standing around, a boy came through with the mail, and handed me a letter from Victor records. I glanced at it. It was a check for \$2,250. I slid it back into the envelope quick. Just what I needed, I thought. Two thousand, two-hundred-and-fifty dollars would do me nicely. But maybe I had misread it. Probably it was \$22.50. I opened it again. It was \$22,500, royalties for *Don't Get Around Much Any More*. I went out of there like a shot, and nobody saw me for two months."

During the '40s, Duke turned out several large jazz tone poems, notably *Black, Brown and Beige*, which has to do with states of mind rather than skin colors; *Tattooed Bride*, a humorous episode; *Harlem*, with its smooth changes of pace from nimble to noble; *Liberian Suite*, written on commission for the Liberian government centennial.

Despite the fame of these works, things continued strictly blue for the Ellington gang. Most of the original band members had either quit or died, and with their replacements, Composer Ellington seemed to have trouble writing new songs as distinctive as the old. The jazz world was getting its kicks from bop, but when Ellington tried to go along with the new style, he seemed to be regressing; he had been using their tricks for years. On the fringes of show business, men became reputable critics overnight simply by writing attacks on Ellington.

[®] Instituted by Music Czar James C. Petrillo in a campaign to force radio stations, bars and restaurants to employ members of the American Federation of Musicians.

The Clock Ticks. But the attraction of the Ellington band never faded among musicians. And today, joining him means both musical glory and financial security. "You hear the band, when you're not in it," says Butter Jackson, "and you like the way it sounds. You think you'd like to be playing that." Once in, every man is tempered by the fire of 14 other men's alert ears. There is no other discipline. Says Duke: "I told those guys in 1927 they were never going to drive me to the nouthouse. 'We may all go there. I said, 'but I'm going to be driving the wagon.'" He can't remember ever firing anybody, but he has driven some to quit. One man regularly arrived tight and got drunker as the evening wore on. At the worst moment Duke would schedule the fellow's solo in racing tempo, so fast that he could not play the notes, and he eventually quit in humiliation.

Mercer Ellington (who is now in the recording business) well remembers the days when he was working his way up through the ranks of the band as baggage boy. "We got to Cleveland about 8 or 9 o'clock one morning," he says. "I complained that I was hungry. 'What!' said my father. 'Didn't you just eat yesterday?'" Today, things are different. The Ellington band, back on top, asks a tidy \$2,500 a night for a dance, plus about half of the net gate receipts. The fee is \$3,500 for a college concert-and-prom. Altogether, Duke Ellington, Inc. grosses between \$500,000 and \$700,000 a year. Part of the reason for the band's durability is the fact that, unlike most bands, it plays everything—concerts, proms, dances, theaters, nightclubs, hotel dining rooms, and even rock 'n' roll hops. Most of its time is devoted to living "on the other side of the clock" while playing one-night

[®] From left: Mercer Ellington and wife Evelyn, Duke, his sister Ruth, Arranger Strayhorn.

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stands. The band packs up its instruments between 1 and 4 a.m., gets aboard the big bus with "Mr. Hi-Fi of 1956" on the fluted sides, and rides, argues and snores its way to the next town (favorite topics: chicks, music, food, geography). The arrival may be at dawn or dusk, depending on the distance. One musician described the rest of the process: "You go to the hotel, take a long look at the bed, go play the date, take another look at the bed and get on the bus." Such a life seems to agree with the Ellington handsomen, who are cushioned against some of life's jolts by getting the highest pay in the business (\$200-\$500 a week).

Duke travels by car or train these days. He never flies, and has serious reservations about steamships. But when he hits New York between tours, his rounds of lawyers, music publishers, recording studios, photographers and tailors are fairly ducal. He likes to play the patriarch of his family which includes his sister, his son Mercer, 37, his three grandchildren and (by virtual adoption) his doctor and his arranger, Billy Strayhorn.

Ellington's second wind has been felt in the music business for months, and the major record companies have been bidding for his remarkable signature:

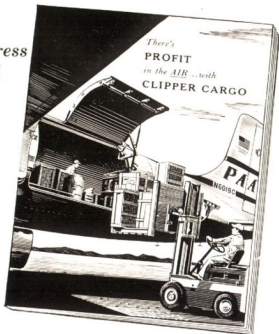


This week he plans to sign (with Columbia) a contract designed to give him the broadest possible scope. He will have time to write more big works, both instrumental and dramatic. Planned for the immediate future: a musical on the history of jazz, specifically composed for records. Ellington began work on this score 15 years ago in Hollywood, on a commission from Orson Welles, but he soon put it aside. "I wrote a piece of music . . . just 28 bars," he wrote later. "It was a gasser—real great, I confess it. And I lost it. I always said, and I say to this day, that it was the greatest thing I ever wrote . . . I got the money, but they never got the 28 bars." Now, Duke is determined to go on with the project despite the missing 28 bars.

Says a friend: "Duke hasn't hit his stride yet. If he retired for a few years and just wrote, he would leave a wealth of music. The record companies should let Duke write tremendous symphonies that would represent America and a style of music. He should be allowed to write big works, to write and record with big symphony orchestras. He shouldn't be limited to 14 or 15 men."

To which Edward Kennedy Ellington replies: "We're not worried about writing for posterity. We just want it to sound good right now!"

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The Gutenberg Boys

Into Chicago swarmed the biggest army of newsmen that ever surrounded any event anywhere. By the time all of the reporters, editors and background absorbers had shoved their way into place, their number would total some 4,000, roughly two newsmen for every delegate to the Democratic National Convention. Biggest reason for the record: TV and radio, whose electronic battalions outnumber other newsmen ("The Gutenberg boys," one TV producer calls them) almost two to one.

But despite the fact that this year's national political conventions are geared for TV, the Gutenberg boys were themselves more numerous than ever, and were sure to top the record-breaking flood of 19,664,472 words that poured through Western Union wires from both conventions in 1952. Not only were many small-city dailies and weeklies covering a convention for the first time, but press associations and major papers beeped up their staffs (and more brass went along for the show). Some staffs, like the 100-man word-and-picture teams assigned by the Associated Press and the United Press, went on the job with intricate battle orders and (for photographers and messengers) identifying armbands to avoid confusion. As usual, the biggest staff representing a single daily was assigned by the New York Times,* whose 19 men no doubt would file more words than any other newspaper's corps.

Map for Sunday Drivers. The expanded newspaper coverage is largely an unintended product of TV, which acts as a spur to

competition. Because it whets reader interest in the conventions, TV is also serving in effect as a commercial for the printed word. Said Carroll Linkins, who has been one of Western Union's press shepherds at the national conventions since 1936: "If you see an event on TV, you want to read an expert to see if he saw what you did."

Newspapers also needed bigger staffs to meet their readers' need for advance guidance on TV's vast convention operations. Edwin A. Lahey, Washington bureau chief of the Knight papers, sold his editors on doing a daily piece on what TV would show that evening. "It's like putting a map in a Saturday paper to help you take a Sunday drive," he explained.

Keeping the Inside Track. Pad-and-pencil reporters had to admit that the first major news breaks of the preconvention week went to TV. Adlai Stevenson's support of a strong desegregation plank reached the public first on film on Newscaster John Daly's ABC show in an exclusive interview. Harry Truman's endorsement of Governor Averell Harriman was anything but exclusive; it came before a jammed ballroom of 800—probably the biggest press conference in history. But TV viewers saw it as it happened.

Yet, on the basis of convention history, the Gutenberg boys thought they would manage to keep the inside track. Said U.P. General News Manager Earl Johnson: "After almost every convention, you can put your finger on one development that foretold the final result. The development can be weeks before the delegates assemble or in an obscure room during convention week. Almost never does it happen before the TV cameras. The key to good convention coverage is to move in early with an experienced staff and canvass scores of sources day and night."

Slow Boat to China

Ever since the Communists banished U.S. newsmen from China in 1949, correspondents have longed and schemed to get back after the news there. With growing impatience since European journalists began traveling into China in 1954, Americans pressed visa applications on Hong Kong intermediaries and fired off direct appeals to old China acquaintances, such as attractive Madame Kung Peng, press chief of Peking's Foreign Ministry. Last week Peking broke its long silence. Out went cables inviting 18 newsmen* for a month's visit, and telling them that they can pick up visas before the end of August in Moscow or at a Chinese border point.

Bargaining Instrument. After the issue went all the way up to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, the State Department promptly ruled that it would make no exception, even for newsmen, to its policy of invalidating the passports of all U.S. citizens for travel to China. State's main argument: in bargaining at Geneva for the release of ten Americans still held captive in China, the U.S. has taken the position that it will let no more Americans into China until the Communists let the prisoners out; yielding now to the Reds' desire for visitors from the U.S. press would weaken the U.S. stand and relax the pressure of ostracism against

* The New York Times's C. L. Sulzberger, Henry R. Lieberman, Tillman Durdin and Mrs. Peggy Durdin, A.P.'s John Roderick, U.P.'s Robert Miller, I.N.S.'s Kingsbury Smith, the Christian Science Monitor's Gordon Walker, the New York Post's Seymour Freidin, the U.S. News and World Report's Robert Martin, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's Marquis Childs, McGraw-Hill's Dan Kurzman, NBC's James Robinson, CBS's Sam Jaffe, Free-Lancers Walter Kerr, Harrison Forman and William Worthy, and TIME-LIFE's James Burke.



Frank Scherschel—LIFE

MADAME KUNG PENG
To newsmen, a dubious invitation.

* The Times will poach on the electronic preserve by using a TV circuit to send a daily ten-page, high-speed facsimile edition (circ. 25,000) to the Republican Convention in time for breakfast in San Francisco.



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TIME, AUGUST 20, 1956

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China. Beyond that there were other points in the State Department argument: 1) the U.S. cannot let the Communists hand-pick the newsmen it invites, at least one of whom (Marquis Childs) had not even applied for a visa; 2) making an exception for newsmen would renew pressure from others (e.g., parents of prisoners, businessmen, etc.) for permission to enter China.

Bridling at the decision, U.S. editors and publishers sent out a storm of objections ranging from sharp editorials to private messages of friendly but firm dissent. Said U.P. President Frank H. Bartholomew: "The tragic plight of American prisoners and the reporting of world news are separate and distinct issues. We do not believe any government should use as a bargaining instrument the traditional right of reporters to seek the truth." In the minority supporting the State Department's ruling stood New York's *Daily News* and David Lawrence, in his syndicated column and as editor of *U.S. News and World Report*, which publicly turned down the Chinese invitation.

"Iron Curtain." As the argument grew in the U.S., Peking reported that some correspondents had already accepted. That seemed based on the fact that several had cabled their passport numbers to Canton, as instructed in their invitations. Some were preparing to leave, on the chance that the State Department might back down; some even considered taking the trip without valid passports. When asked about the State Department's reaction to that idea, a spokesman pointedly cited the law subjecting violators of passport rules to fines up to \$2,000 and a prison term up to five years. Monetary dealings with Red China, he noted, are punishable by fines up to \$10,000 and as much as ten years in prison for each transaction.

There is no doubt that the Chinese Communists think that a visit by U.S. reporters would produce some copy favorable to them; in the late '30s and early '40s some highly touted U.S. correspondents were gullible enough to describe the Communists as mere "agrarian reformers." But most U.S. editors did not consider that a valid reason for rejecting the first chance in seven years to get some first-hand U.S. reporting out of China. Said the *Washington Post and Times Herald*: "It is patently impossible to lead as many as 15 reporters—among them some of the most respected hands in the business—into any wholesale whitewash of Red China."

At week's end Communist propagandists were making the most of the State Department's decision. Moscow's *Pravda* editorialized that the "Dulles Department" had made itself the laughingstock of the world as it "zealously dams holes in its Iron Curtain." In a phrase that added weight to the supposition that the invitations were indeed a maneuver in the cold war, *Izvestia* said that truthful reports by U.S. correspondents from China would reveal the "hopeless failure" of U.S. policy against recognition of the Peking regime.

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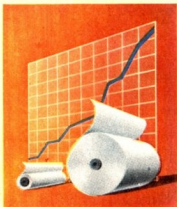
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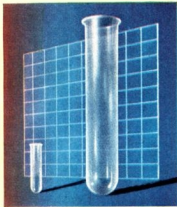
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RADIO & TELEVISION

Out of the Blue

When Reporter John Campbell Crosby came back from five years service in the Army in 1946 to resume his theatrical beat on the New York *Herald Tribune*, the editors had no room for him in his old craft. They shunted him off "behind the classified ads" with the suggestion that he try writing a radio column. Grudgingly he did, though he knew nothing about radio, did not even own a set. Last week, ten years later, Crosby's four-a-week observations on the contemporary radio-TV scene were being pored over by some 15



CRITIC CROSBY

Tammy Weber

The main job is what isn't.

million readers of 103 newspapers—from Paris to Fairbanks, Alaska.

As No. 1 critic in a highly self-conscious industry, Crosby wields enormous influence. "I've caused the demise of some pretty bad shows," he admits, "and I've also helped keep some worthwhile things going." But urbane Critic Crosby, 44, is less known as a crusader than as an erudite, sometimes witty, sometimes coruscating commentator. Sample Crosby observations:

¶ On giveaway shows: "I have always felt that giveaways were immoral in preaching this reverence for wealth."

¶ On Elvis Presley: "Unspeakably untalented and vulgar. Where do you go from Elvis, sort of open obscenity, which is against the law?"

¶ On Dave Garroway: "The idea is to be as languid as possible about everything, and this is expressed by little shrugs, little liftings of eyebrows and small flutterings of hands, by a general bonelessness both in physiognomy and in point of view."

¶ On Mrs. Arthur Murray: "She reminds me strongly of relentless hostesses who

insist that I bob apples when I have other things on my mind. [Once] she scored the newsbeat of the year. There were two questions, she said, which had been agitating the nation for years: 1) Is there an Arthur Murray? 2) Can he dance? Well, there is (she produced him). And he can (they did). For a consistent level of incompetence, the Arthur Murray show is well up there, though *Sheena of the Jungle* occasionally threatens it."

The Hangover Approach. The best of TV, says Crosby (who gets saucer-eyed after two hours of it) are "the unrehearsed things—conventions, a ball game, the McCarthy hearings, the little bits of history that have gone before the cameras." The worst part: boredom. "Readers who write me are disgusted by programs, horrified by them or outraged by them; their reactions are much stronger than mine."

Like any other critic, Crosby admits that he has more fun writing about bad shows ("warts") than good ones, but he still considers himself a mild commentator. He does confess to an occasional "hangover" column—"when I'm so low I just have to sit down and write something terrible about somebody." (In 1951 he penned a TV show featuring his wife Mary, who filed suit for divorce the following month.)

Born in Milwaukee, Crosby was put through home-town private schools, later went to Phillips Exeter. In his freshman year at Yale in 1932, he was suspended (later readmitted) for smuggling a girl into a "no-sex-after-six" dorm. The incident built up into a Page One story, was fictionalized in a *Satevepost* serial, later became Howard Lindsay's Broadway play *She Loves Me Not*, with Burgess Meredith.

A Healthy Thing. After a summer stint with the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, he decided to stick with newspapers, never went back to school. With his postwar *Trib* column, Crosby was making \$110 a week. Today, from his column and magazine pieces, he earns more than \$40,000 a year, lives on the Stamford, Conn. estate of Richard Simon (of Simon & Schuster, which published his book *Out of the Blue*) with his two children (7 and 9).

Crosby seldom goes into Manhattan, hates nightclubs (but likes a friendly drink), studiously shuns TV people and pressagents; he rarely goes to studio broadcasts. Yet he is gregarious and lives a far-from-humdrum life. In the last decade he has trekked through Mau Mau country, settled a \$2 million libel suit over cocktails with Bob Hope, gone to the movies with Egypt's President Nasser ("a lousy picture"), upped many a glass with his friend Humphrey Bogart.

All in all, Crosby feels that his column is a healthy thing. He and his fellow critics "may be misguided, but we make honest attempts at criticism. These attempts have enormous influence on the industry—which suffers from an inferiority complex and is very sensitive to criti-

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cism." He finds vast areas of programming still unexplored: "It's easy enough to criticize what's on the air, but I think one of the critic's main functions is to stimulate a demand for what isn't."

Drama Factory

With an outsize birthday cake and 200 winking candles, television's biggest drama factory last week celebrated an occasion. NBC's *Matinee Theater*, which makes an earnest try at bringing a full hour of live theater to 5,000,000 daytime viewers every weekday (3 p.m., E.D.T.), ground out its 200th production in nine months—the equivalent of more than five seasons of once-a-week TV.

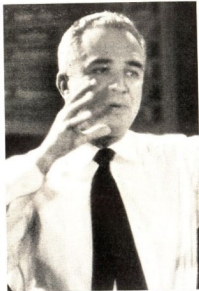
Matinee Theater uses more scripts, actors, directors and properties than any other show on the air. Since its first show (J. P. Marquand's *Beginning Now*), some 2,000 actors have slipped in and out of 5,000 costumes for *Matinee*'s forays into contemporary drama (93), comedy (35), period pieces (20) and the classics (11). Actor-Crooner John Conte has clocked in a record 3,240 minutes of work on-camera as the show's host.

Matinee has been bought by such sponsors as Bab-O, Motorola TV and Tide, but it has never been a sponsor sellout. However, prestige-conscious NBC is so happy with its play-thing that it has booked *Matinee* for a second year, with a \$5,000,000 budget. An "Emmy" Award winner ("Best contribution to daytime programming"), *Matinee* currently gets more than 2,000 letters a month, last week vaulted into the top slot of daytime dramatic-show ratings.

Delicacy or Violence. Mastermind of *Matinee* is volatile, grey-eyed Albert McCleery, 44, an ex-paratrooper who runs his big assembly-line operation as if he were a field marshal. From his studio in a converted Hollywood drugstore, McCleery shuttles from one rehearsal to the next (five go on at once), and blocks out his shows, working with about 50 scripts, six to eight weeks ahead. His editorial staff—far bigger than that of most publishing houses—includes a file of 250 contributing authors, rewrite men and story "doctors," ten editors and readers. McCleery's biggest headaches begin and end with scripts. He maintains a nine-man Manhattan staff to pull magazines, newspapers, plays and book lists. "There is no such thing as a starving writer any more," McCleery avers. "There are only lazy writers, off-beat writers and hacks."

If McCleery has a formula, it is "selective realism," i.e., showing "with either delicacy or violence" what happens to a human being in a crisis. His favorite techniques are screen-filling closeups ("If an actor is talking, what's more important than his mouth?").

Solve the Problem. Most of McCleery's shows have an "upbeat ending." "The afternoon is no time to wring people's hearts out," he explains. "If I were doing *Romeo and Juliet*, I would show their ghosts floating gently up to heaven, hand in hand. Even with a four-handkerchief show, the ending must come out satisfac-



PRODUCER McCLEERY
Thursday is for gimmicks.

torily. If we can't solve a problem, we don't pose it."

By *Matinee*-time the children in many homes are napping and housewives are resting from their homework. "But," says McCleery, "people like honest, literate stuff at any time, not the soap-opera kind." Monday he gives them his "most realistic, experimental and artistic" shows (with Actors' Studio overtones). Tuesday is "problem-play-with-guts" day. "We pick them up with a comedy on Wednesday, if we can find one." Thursday he tries for an offbeat production, "with a gimmick twist," and Friday is a rehash of a Broadway play. Mostly, McCleery is in a Monday mood: "Here are my people. Look at them and listen to them. They are part of life."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, August 16, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Face the Nation (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). Panelists question Thomas E. Dewey.

These Are the Men (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Representative Joe Martin and leading Republicans, with Moderator Quincey Howe.

Steve Allen Show (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Guest: Julius LaRosa.

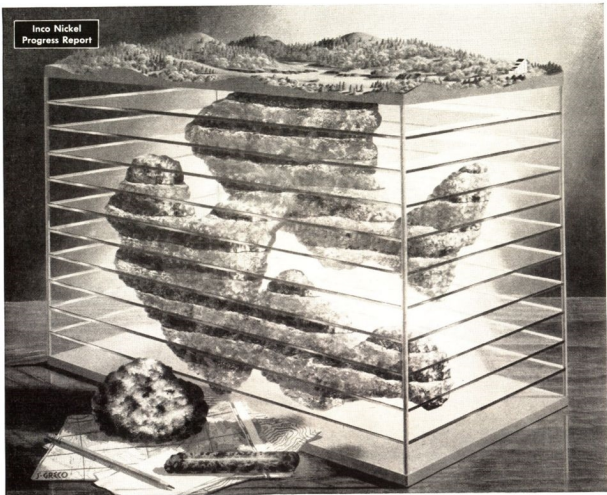
Republican Convention (Mon. 2 p.m.). Through all sessions, all networks.

Matinee Theater (Wed. 3 p.m., NBC). *House of the Seven Gables*, with John Carradine, Marshall Thompson.

RADIO

Conversation (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., NBC). "How I'd Like to Live My Life Over," discussed by Gilbert Seldes, Clifton Fadiman, the late Fred Allen (repeat).

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:05 p.m., CBS). First U.S. broadcast of the Czech Philharmonic. Conductor: Karel Ancerl.



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ART

The Fashion for Flaying

The delicate art of cleaning and restoring fading masterpieces was once the province of cautious artisans armed with little more than a magnifying glass, a loaf of fresh bread (without the crust) for gently erasing dirt, and perhaps some soapy water and varnish. Now a new breed of "scientific" restorers, equipped with a surgeon's tools, a chemist's swabs, and a burning curiosity about what lies under the next layer of paint, has moved into most of the world's great museums. At best, their efforts have resulted in such spectacular triumphs as the restoration of Leonardo's *Last Supper* (TIME, Oct. 4, 1954). But all too often their scientific zeal has destroyed what it was meant to preserve. Last week the simmering battle of science v. art came to a boil in the letters columns of *London's Times*.

To Portrait Painter Pietro Annigoni, who touched off the ruckus, most modern restorers are no more civilized than scalp-lifting red Indians. "The war did not destroy a greater number of works of art [than they]," said he. "I do not doubt the meticulous care employed by these renovators, nor their chemical skill, but I am terrified by the contemplation of these qualities in such hands as theirs."

Mortal Wounds. "What is interesting"

about a masterpiece, Painter Annigoni argued, is always "the surface as the master left it, aged, alas! as all things age, but with the magic of the glazes preserved, and with those final accents which confer unity, balance, atmosphere, expression—in fact all the most important and moving qualities in a work of art. But after these terrible cleanings, little of all this remains . . . Falling upon their victim, [the scientific restorers] commence work on one corner, and soon proclaim a 'miracle'; for, behold, brilliant colors begin to appear. Unfortunately what they have found are nothing but the preparative tones, sometimes even of the first sketch [made] in preparation for the execution of the finished work. But the cleaners know nothing of this, perceive nothing, and continue to clean until the picture [is] mortally wounded."

Annigoni's letter drew a fervent "amen" from Bernard Berenson, dean (91) of Renaissance art experts: "It says everything I have been wanting to say for many years past about the iniquity of the way Italian pictures particularly are being skinned alive by restorers." Other letters pointed out various masterpieces in London's National Gallery which may have ceased to be masterpieces through too

much cleaning. Among them: pictures by Giovanni Bellini, Botticelli, Titian, Rembrandt, Velázquez, and even Leonardo's great *Virgin of the Rocks*. Leonardo's figures, wrote one angry correspondent, "are now bathed in a light only seen on the faces of the dead; or the neon lighting of a coffee bar."

Glorious Revelation. Restorer Stewart Goodall fought back hard for the defense in general and the National Gallery in particular. Through modern cleaning, said he, the world has been permitted to see "hopeless, black, uninteresting daubs restored to life and vigor: we saw colors that we had begun to think were entirely reserved for modern works gloriously revealed in their finest expression in the works of the masters. We saw detail that had lain hidden for centuries . . . If in this glorious process of revelation just a few of the subtle touches of the originals be lost, who can complain? . . . I agree with Mr. Annigoni that under the operations some have died; but is he trying to suggest that we cease operating?"

That was the idea exactly, as a new spate of letters to the *Times* made plain. Said one answer to Goodall: "If you were a picture, would you prefer to go dirty, or be flayed?" Augustus John, perhaps the world's best living portraitist, suggested that "further investigation is obviously called for, and in the meanwhile cleaning operations might well be suspended."

BEAUTY RETURNED



SACRIFICING TO THE SUN GOD

THE most quietly regal of all sculptured ladies reigned once again this week over West Berlin's Dahlem Museum. *Nefertete* ("The Beautiful One Has Come") is the museum's most popular treasure, along with Rembrandt's *Man with a Golden Helmet*, and she has been away a long time. Cashed for safekeeping in a salt mine during World War II, she was found by U.S. troops and warehoused in Wiesbaden. Not until this summer was *Nefertete* wrapped in tissue paper, put in a nest of boxes filled with ground cork and gingerly brought back to her air-conditioned glass case in the museum.

Nefertete's flesh-and-blood prototype married one of the most interesting men in history—Egypt's Akhenaten. She was then only nine, so the story goes; at 13 she bore him their first daughter and at 20 their sixth. Akhenaten seems to have adored his lady, usually had himself pictured in her company. He also insisted that her beauty and his homeliness both be represented candidly, almost naturalistically, thus smashing, for a moment, Egypt's formalistic art code.

All this was part of the Pharaoh's larger plan to destroy the nation's pantheon of man-beast gods and substitute the world's first monotheistic faith: sun worship. A famed bas-relief shows Akhenaten, Nefertete and a daughter sacrificing to the sun god (see cut). Unfortunately, soon after Akhenaten's death around 1350 B.C., the priest-ridden, sybaritic Tutankhamen (the famed "King Tut" of the 1920s) rang down the curtain on his predecessor's splendid experiment.

Nefertete's bust, also a splendid experiment, found long and deep refuge in the Nile's mud and sand. It was brought to life at last by a German expedition of 1912. Amazingly well-preserved, the bust lacks only bits from the ears, a royal viper from the crown and one rock-crystal eye.

The secret of its beauty lies in a perfect balancing and interpenetration of naturalism and formalism, serenity and tension. At first glance, *Nefertete* seems rigidly posed, staring straight ahead, a symbol of dedicated otherworldliness. But a closer look shows her to be lively and natural in expression. Again, she seems at first to carry far too heavy a burden on her thin, soaring neck, but the strain induced by the weight of the crown is resolved in peace by the upward lift of the quiet mouth, wide eyes and winged brow.

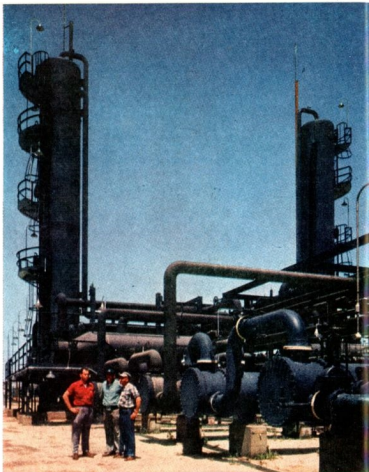


LIMESTONE BUST OF QUEEN NEFERTETE CARVED ABOUT 1360 B.C.

SCRUBBING THE PUP
and
"SCRUBBING" TOWERS



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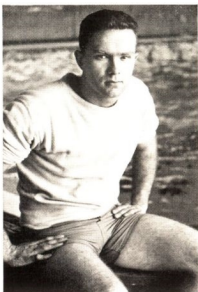
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SPORT



Walter Bennett
OLYMPIC COACH TINKHAM
No errors.

Melbourne Bound

The pretty, crop-haired blonde had already qualified for the U.S. Olympic swimming team (100-meter free style and 400-meter relay) and set an American 100-meter mark (1:04.6) in the process. Shelley Mann of Washington, D.C.'s Walter Reed Swim Club should have been riding high, relaxed and easy. "But look at her," said her young (24) coach, Stan Tinkham (TIME, April 18, 1955). "You can almost see the adrenaline pumping through her. She'll swim each race a hundred times before she goes into the pool. Maybe that's why she's a champion, or maybe she's a champion despite that tension. I don't know which."

Whatever the reason, bonny Shelley continued to churn out championship performances. On the last night of the Olympic tryouts at Detroit's Brennan pools last week, the tireless 18-year-old won the 100-meter butterfly in 1:12.3, just half a second over her own world record. Even if she has to do it all by herself, Shelley is determined to win her country an Olympic gold medal, something no U.S. woman swimmer could do four years ago at Helsinki.

Hard Work. Shelley Mann's all-out assault on every event within reach has caused plenty of poolside comment. But Stan Tinkham has a ready answer for his critics: "I'm called a nonconformist in my coaching techniques, but this time I think I know what I'm doing. Shelley is the temperamental type and thrives on hard work. It's better for her to be getting ready for two events than for one. Why, in some meets she's gone in three preliminaries, three finals and a relay all the same day, and even set some records in the process."

The U.S. Olympic Committee agrees that Stan has the answers; it has appointed him coach of the women's Olympic

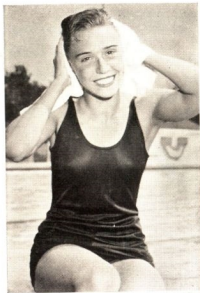
team. And after watching Shelley and the rest of the Reed girls operate, Stan's Melbourne-bound squad knows it is in for some rugged training. "Everyone agrees that the way to train swimmers is to keep sending them over long distances," says Coach Tinkham, "so I go about it just the opposite. At Walter Reed [the U.S. Army Hospital in Washington] we swim sprints all the time. That way every swimmer gets her second wind every practice. Of course it's harder work, but it isn't as boring, and it keeps their minds more alert. I guess they hit three or four good peaks a year and then hold them for a week or so. With all the time between now and Melbourne, it'll be no problem to get them all to a peak for that."

No Strain. The tough training routine will be no strain for Shelley. "I have to go all out in every practice," says she. "I can't stand the idea of loafing. It's the only way I can swim without consciously getting tired. I know that I'll be helped in whatever I do by what I've learned from swimming; that there's no reason why I can't do what I want to do and also be good at it."

Such dedication to the daily grind that makes champions is shown by all Stan Tinkham's pupils. For three more of them it paid off with places on the Olympic team: Mary Jane Sears, 16, in the 200-meter breast stroke; Betty Mullen Brey, 24, in the 100-meter free style; Susan Gray, 16, in the 400-meter free style.

Other impressive performers at the Olympic tryouts:

■ Massachusetts' Bill Yorzyk, 23, who



Associated Press
OLYMPIC SWIMMER MANN
Three hits.

won the 200-meter butterfly with a world record 2:19.

■ The Army's Lieut. Yoshi Oyakawa, 23, of Hawaii, who broke his own Olympic record with 1:05.2 in the 100-meter backstroke.

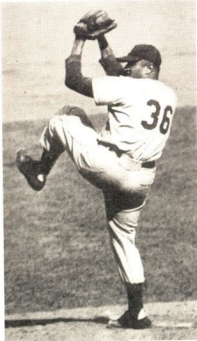
■ Sylvia Ruuska, 14, of Berkeley, Calif., who set a U.S. record (5:10) in the 400-meter free style, broke the Olympic record by 2.1 sec.

■ Carin Cone, 16, of Ridgewood, N.J., who swam the 100-meter backstroke in 1:14.4 to break her own A.A.U. record by .1 sec.

The Team to Beat

The long-jawed, loose-jointed giant sprawled inelegantly on the Dodger bench. Speaking with the authority of an eight-game winning streak and 33½ scoreless innings, Dodger Pitcher Don Newcombe reduced the game of baseball to its bare essentials. "I can say this," he announced with magnificent aplomb. "I feel fine, so there's no reason why I shouldn't win. But the best pitcher in the world can't win if his club doesn't get some runs. Give him a couple of runs to work on and he'll win more often than he'll lose."

Next time he bestirred himself, Big (6 ft. 4 in., 225 lbs.) Newk took on the Phillies, and his teammates got him what he wanted. They got four runs in the first inning, fielded flawlessly as the pitcher worked away with a lazy grace. His big curve snapped wickedly off the corners of the plate, his fast ball boomed into the catcher's mitt, and his sneaky change-up gave the batters fits. For six innings he had a no-hitter. Then Philadelphia First Baseman Marv Blaylock blooped a single. Catcher Stan Lopata backed it up with a home run. But the Dodgers ran it out, 5-2, and Big Newk had the best record in the majors (18-5). He had run up 39½ scoreless innings (6½ behind Giant Carl Hubbell's National League record), was



Ralph Morse—Life
DODGER PITCHER NEWCOMBE
Two runs.



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riding a nine-game winning streak that included a victory over every club in the National League. With Big Newk leading the way, the Dodgers at week's end were in second place, only 1½ games behind Milwaukee's Braves.

The climb back toward the top had been a painful journey, marred by some nightmarish detours into the bush. A dismal five games into third place in mid-July, Manager Walter Alston had to read the riot act to his world champions before they finally got themselves untracked. Duke Snider, the league's leading home-run hitter, began to hit a few (32 at week's end). Cleveland Castoff Sal Maglie started pitching the kind of games he once turned in for the Giants, going the distance in all five of his victories, two of them shut-outs. With the team's right-handed power hitters beginning to get those couple of runs, the Dodgers put together an eight-game winning streak, won 21 out of 29, and pulled past the slugging Cincinnati Redlegs.

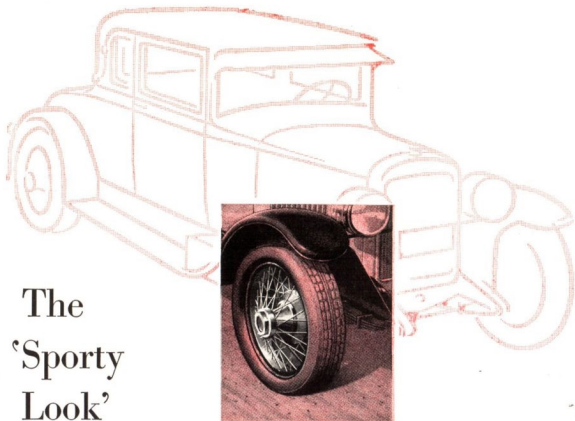
When they look at the schedule ahead, the Dodgers know that they are sitting pretty. Now, mostly second-division clubs stand between them and another pennant, while the other contenders try to belt each other out of the race. In the sprint to the finish, the second-place Dodgers are once again the team to beat.

Scoreboard

☞ Boston's Theodore Samuel Williams was still suffering from a painful case of rabbit ears. Boomed for mufing an easy fly ball in a game with the Yankees, Outfielder Williams did a slow burn. By the time he made a game-saving catch, even the cheers sounded like jeers to Terrible-Tempered Ted. His neck swelled, his eyes bulged, his blood pressure soared, and he popped off in a reaction which had been puzzling dugout scientists for weeks: turning to the crowd, he began to spit like an alley cat. The Red Sox's General Manager Joe Cronin made a hasty diagnosis, this time prescribed a generous dollop of a tested home remedy. He fined Ted \$5,000. One of the best batters in baseball history had finally matched Babe Ruth, whose Lucullan feats with hot dogs, soda pop, fast women and the old bubbly earned the Babe the same fine back in 1925.

☞ The Intruder, a rank in-and-outer owned by the Allwood Stable, hardly got started in the first heat of the Hambletonian at Goshen's Good Time Park, and finished eleventh. But in the next two tours of the track, The Intruder waltzed home from far back to take the \$100,604 stake. Next day the Hambletonian Society announced that it was moving the "Wagon Horse" classic to the Du Quoin, Ill. State Fair.

☞ As if they knew in advance that they could not repeat last year's upset of the Cleveland Browns, the College All-Stars loafed through the 23rd annual preseason charity football game and took an embarrassing 26-0 pasting from the pro champions. High scorer: Cleveland's Lou ("The Toe") Groza, who booted four field goals and two points after touchdown.



The 'Sporty Look'

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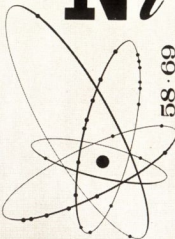
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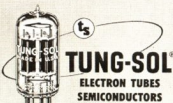
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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Run for the Sun (United Artists) confirms the Hollywood truism that one scrappy Yank is more than a match for three brutal Nazis. Richard Widmark, an ex-war correspondent, big-game hunter and bestselling novelist, is tracked down in Mexico by Girl Reporter Jane Greer, whose assignment is to discover why he has stopped writing. Soon Widmark sobs out the terrible truth (while he was shooting lions in Africa, his wife and best friend were making beautiful music together). Jane is so moved that she starts back for Manhattan without her story. Aloft in Widmark's personal plane, the two of them crash in the Yucatán jungle right next to the isolated hacienda belonging to Trevor Howard and two Dutch cronies. Howard says he is an archaeologist but, if so, why are the grounds patrolled by man-eating dogs? And why has Widmark's wrecked plane disappeared? And why do Howard and his pals look so familiar?

In a masterly bit of total recall, Widmark identifies his hosts as Nazi war criminals. Instead of telling them that if they would just go home everything would be forgiven, Widmark and Jane plunge into the jungle, pursued by the Nazis and their venomous wolf pack. The villains should have known better. Widmark kills the first Nazi with a homemade crossbow, the second with a lucky bullet, and the third by running him down in his own airplane. Jane has her story. Widmark can write again. They're in love. All that is needed is someone to wake the audience.



GREER & WIDMARK
Why the man-eating dogs?

Storm Center (Columbia) makes reading seem nearly as risky a habit as dope. Bette Davis, a peppery, small-town librarian, moves like Lady Bountiful among the worshipful peasants in her reading room, opening their purblind eyes to the treasure trove on the shelves around them. One book among the thousands, however, is a subversive tome entitled *The Communist Dream*. Bette never lets it go into circulation without warning the borrower of its deleterious effects, but she is disturbed when the city council tells her to put it in the ashcan. "What," wonders Bette, "would Thomas Jefferson say to a request like this?" She refuses, and more in sorrow than anger the city council fires her.

Since Bette is too proud to fight, it seems that Authors Daniel Taradash and Elick Moll have run out of plot. But no! Ten-year-old Kevin Coughlin, who has been reading like crazy up to this point, now abhors books and concludes that Bette is a mean old witch. He has nightmares. He listens for the first time to his sub-moronic father. He cuts Bette dead on the street. He even sneaks into the library in the dead of night and sets it on fire.

As the words of Voltaire, Shakespeare, Thoreau and Zane Grey go up in flames, the watching townsfolk brush tears from their eyes. The city council gets a hang-dog look, and the leading Red hunter, Brian Keith, simultaneously loses his girl and his political future. By acclamation, Bette is reinstated as librarian. *Storm Center* is paved and repaved with good intentions; its heart is insistently in the right place; its leading characters are motivated by the noblest of sentiments. All that Writer-Director Taradash forgot was to provide a believable story.

Autumn Leaves (Columbia) stars Joan Crawford as a spinster who is so remote and lovely that all the men she meets think she is unattainable and therefore never ask her for a date. Then along comes irrepressible Cliff Robertson, and, quick as a wink, frigid Joan is thawing in his arms and even outdoing *From Here to Eternity* by necking amid the breakers on a public beach. But Joan hesitates about marriage because she is at least old enough to be his mother.

She should have hesitated even longer. They are no sooner wed and settled down in her bungalow than Joan begins making alarming discoveries about her boyish mate. It develops that he already has a wife (Vera Miles) who is having an untidy affair with his father (Lorne Greene). Finally, it becomes increasingly clear that Cliff is off his rocker. Joan takes some convincing, but when he blacks her eye, knocks her down, tries to brain her with a typewriter, and spends most of one night battering at a locked wardrobe under the impression that it is the door to his former wife's bedroom, Joan gets concerned enough to visit a psychiatrist, who



CRAWFORD & ROBERTSON
Will Cliff still cling?

suggests confinement and cure for Cliff. "But," quavers Joan, as the camera moves in for a close shot of her down-turned, trembling mouth, "but if he's cured, he may not need me any more!"

Joan, however, does the right thing. The men in white come for Cliff and haul him screaming away. While Cliff writhes in the agonies of shock treatment, Joan exhibits anxiety by pacing the floor. Soon, through the use of some Hollywood miracle drug, Cliff is completely cured and ready for release. Joan, as tremulous as the title song (sung off-camera by Nat "King" Cole), walks toward Cliff across the asylum grounds. Will he still cling to her? Will returning reason rob her of her one true love? Will he respond to the lovelight in her eyes? Will the sun rise tomorrow?

CURRENT & CHOICE

Somebody Up There Likes Me. The punk-to-puncher saga of ex-Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano; with Paul Newman and Pier Angeli (TIME, July 23).

La Strada. A bittersweet fable about a half-wit girl and a brutal carnival strong man; with Anthony Quinn and Giulietta Masina (TIME, July 23).

The King and I. A lavish musical version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway hit, with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr (TIME, July 16).

Moby Dick. Captain Ahab superbly harrows the oceans in his search for the great white whale; with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Leo Genn, Orson Welles (TIME, July 9).

The Killing. Only cops and robbers, but the skulduggery is skillfully controlled by Director Stanley Kubrick (TIME, June 4).

The Swan. Grace Kelly in a royal courtship gets a witty assist from Actor Alec Guinness and Playwright Ferenc Molnar (TIME, April 23).



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Keeping the Records Straight

As political orators began addressing themselves to the state of the economy this week, it was clear that between now and November the beleaguered U.S. voter will hear some wildly confusing statements about how he and the economy are doing. Before the Democratic Platform Committee in Chicago, Leon H. Keyserling, lawyer and politically nimble chief economist for the Truman Administration, accused the Eisenhower Administration of sustaining a "cultivated economic slack" designed to eliminate the inefficient small farmer and small businessman and

to "keep labor in its place." But from Washington came new forecasts of continued prosperity.

There are some firm records to help separate fact from fancy. If the Administration has aimed at "economic slack," its failure has been colossal. In July, the Commerce and Labor departments announced last week, employment hit an all-time record for the second straight month. The number of U.S. workers on the job reached 66.7 million, a far cry from the 60 million jobs predicted hopefully by Henry Wallace in 1945 and exactly 7% more than the employment level of July, 1952 under the economic stimulus of the Korean war.

Barreling Along. In the past four years, corporate profits (adjusted for inventory changes)—\$41 billion in 1955—have stayed about even, while personal income has soared 19% (to \$324 billion). The consumer price index in June stood at 116.2, 3 points higher than the June 1952 level. Thus, despite the inflationary pressure of a 20% increase in average

weekly earnings since 1952, the cost of living has risen 7 points less than it climbed in the four years between 1948 and 1952, while the median average income (\$2,323 in 1955) has gained 75% since 1952.

The nation is spending more money (\$250 billion a year) than ever before; e.g., more than 18 million new cars were sold in the past three years. Retail sales are running at the rate of \$16.6 billion a year, 23% higher than the 1952 level (see The Luxury Market). But savings are also climbing. Individual savings accounts grew fatter by \$5 billion in first-quarter 1956, the fastest rate of gain since the Korean war. The gross national product, sum of all goods and services produced in the U.S., was barreling along at the annual rate of \$408 billion in June, seems certain to top the \$400 billion mark this year for the first time in history. Since June 1952, when the G.N.P. reached only \$345 billion, the growth in U.S. production has averaged 4% a year.

Helping Hand. Not every segment of the economy is sharing the boom. Farm income, which was running at the annual rate of \$11.6 billion in the first six months of 1956, trailed 13% behind 1952, largely as a result of the long-standing farm surplus problem. But the farm picture has been growing brighter. Though farm prices weakened slightly over the past month, they have surged 11% above the December 1955 low point; soil-bank aid will flow an additional \$225 million into the farms by fall.

Small business, always a tender spot in the economy, accounted for most of the 1,100 business failures a month during the first six months of 1956. This was a postwar record. Yet it was an inevitable

reflection of a rapid climb in business starts (from 348,000 to 406,000 in 1951) five years ago. Said Dun & Bradstreet: more than 50% of the failures were in businesses under five years old; more than 90% could be traced to "inexperience." To attack this problem, the Administration last week completed a sweeping 14-point program of aid, e.g., a 10% tax cut on the first \$25,000 of income, that will extend to small firms the biggest helping hand ever outstretched by a peacetime U.S. Government.

Reflecting the generally bright present, industry's confidence in the future has never been more robust. U.S. business in 1956 will plow a record \$38 billion into new plants and equipment (v. \$26 billion in 1952), thus continue to create jobs as fast as the work force expands to fill them. A record \$4.2 billion in construction starts last month will soon be topped as the huge federal highway program moves into high gear. The auto industry will spend well over \$1 billion for drastic restyling of ten (out of 19) U.S. makes,

expects to equal or top the 1955 sales peak of 7,900,000 cars.

The business outlook was most eloquently reflected by the stock market. Rallying from the decline that followed Colonel Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal, the market hovered at record levels last week. The Dow-Jones industrial average closed at 517.38, only 3.7 points off last April's all-time peak of 521.05.

AUTOS

"Used Cars Wanted"

Only eight months ago used-car lots in many sections of the U.S. were packed with unsold cars on which the prices were plummeting. In San Francisco one dealer surveyed his bumper-to-bumper lot and wailed: "This is the first time a customer can buy a one-year-old car at 50% of its cost when new." But by the end of July the whole picture had changed to what the *Automotive News* called a used-car shortage of "near-draconic proportions." Accordingly, prices were rising.

In Chicago last week, dealers were dropping "Used Cars Wanted" signs into their showroom windows; in Seattle, Dallas, Omaha and Detroit, salesmen were unable to satisfy consumers' demands for good '53-'55 models. The National Automobile Dealers Association estimated that U.S. used-car inventories, from "creampufts" to "dogs," were one-third below normal.

One reason for the scarcity was the fall-off in new car sales (down 12% from a year ago), which meant fewer trade-ins. But another factor was the growing demand, especially in the suburbs, for two (or more) cars in every driveway. Said a New York dealer: "Seems like everybody in the family wants a car these days."

Competing with the used-car dealers for choice '53-'55 models are new-car dealers, who, instead of placing their trade-ins at wholesale auctions, are selling them in their own lots to make up for sagging new-car profits. A good used auto often brings a dealer as much profit as a factory-fresh '56 model. Said one Boston Ford dealer: "You take a car that we buy for \$1,000. We fix it up a bit, then sell it for \$1,200 to \$1,250. Our profit runs \$100 to \$150. That's about as good as we've been doing on our new cars."

* In dealer parlance, a "creampuft" is a really good used car; a "dog" is just that.

ADVERTISING

Tastemakers Getting the Taste

At Chicago's Conrad Hilton hotel, downtown headquarters of the Democratic National Convention, long-stemmed models ankled through the lobby last week in brief bathing suits covered with 375 Pepsi-Cola caps. Coolers loaded with Pepsi were staked out on every important floor, but Coca-Cola coolers won a beachhead at candidates' headquarters and the convention hall. Schenley Industries, Inc., restricted from dispensing its beverages, fell back on institutional messages ("Since 1933, Schenley Industries, Inc. has spent \$200 million with U.S. farmers for grains").

Mixing plugs with politics, the hucksters were making the most of their quadrennial opportunity to woo more than 11,000 delegates, alternates, journalists, wives and hangers-on at the convention. Outside the big hotels, 225 white (for purity) Fords, Lincolns and Mercurys stood by to whisk Democrats in air-conditioned and cost-free comfort to the International Amphitheatre. At the convention hall itself, the party that has not infrequently blasted Big Business let out space for the "American Showcase" promotion display of big business. The 22 advertisers hoped their free-handout booths might be picked up by roving TV cameramen and flashed to 50 million viewers. Their tab (\$10 a foot) was a far cry from the \$14.2 million which five industrial giants are paying to the three major networks for TV and radio rights at the political shows.*

* CBS nets \$5,000,000 from Westinghouse Electric Corp., which cleaned out its inventory after sponsoring the 1952 telecasts; ABC takes some \$4,000,000 from Philco Corp.; NBC collects a reported \$5,200,000 from Co-Sponsors Radio Corp. of America, Sunbeam Corp., GM's Oldsmobile Division.



PEPSI GIRL IN CHICAGO
Also a message from Schenley.

But never before had U.S. business spent so much energy to win politicians and newsmen as customers. The theory of the whole promotional scheme was explained by Author Russell (*The Tastemakers*) Lynes in a publicity primer for businessmen seeking an advertising tie-in with the national convention. Said Democrat Lynes, in rounded Madison Avenue phrases: "Tastemakers are always going places (like Chicago), where they foregather with other tastemakers and come home and tell people about the wonders they have seen. Since they are influential in their communities, people follow their lead."

BUSINESS ABROAD

On to Pompeii

Every August the most fashionable of fashionable Parisians pack their race horses and head for a 1,000-year-old village on the Normandy coast, 120 miles away. In old Deauville (pop. 5,438) they unpack their purses at three luxury hotels, two race tracks, six nightclubs, a pair of golf courses, 24 tennis courts, a yacht basin, theater, music hall, polo field, clay-pigeon shoot and one of Europe's busiest and most sumptuous casinos. Says a French social commentator: "Deauville is to Paris what Pompeii was to Rome."

Though Deauville has been socially registered since Emperor Napoleon III learned the breast stroke there in mid-19th century, it has remained France's most fashionable resort as a result of diligent handling by 78-year-old François André, France's biggest hotel operator. In addition to owning Deauville lock, stock and wine barrel, André owns the casinos, two hotels at Cannes and two hotels at La Baule as well as the biggest hotel at Le Touquet.

"Be Elegant or Die." To André, who nursed Deauville through the Depression and rebuilt it from the rack of D-day and a G.I. rest center, "Deauville is the great lady whom I have always loved." A one-time croupier who rakes in \$3,500,000 (and keeps about \$150,000 after taxes) in a good season at Deauville, André blends the parsimony of his peasant ancestors with the perversity ways of a protocol pundit. "Deauville," he insists, "must be elegant or die."

To keep his guests in a free-spending mood, he fills the Casino theater with serious musicians (this week: Pianist Arthur Schnitzler) and music-hall stars such as Charles Trenet and Jacqueline

TIME CLOCK

HIGHER RAIL FARES proposed by Eastern railroads would encourage first-class passengers to ride coaches or competing airlines, thus help the railroads cut down money-losing first-class service (*TIME*, Aug. 13). The 45% boost in first-class fares sought by six railroads (including New York Central and Pennsylvania) would add \$16.30 to New York-Chicago ticket, raise first-class fare to \$52.53 v. \$45.10 by air.

NEW FORD CAR, to go into production next year, will sell in the \$2,600-\$3,700 range, the only price bracket in which Ford does not now compete with General Motors (Buick, Oldsmobile) and Chrysler (De Soto). Ford has budgeted \$250 million to bring the six-model line into production, will spend up to \$150 million more to build a 1,400-dealer sales and service force, may call the car the "Edsel."

FIRST ATOMIC FREIGHTER will probably be launched by the U.S. by 1959. Maritime Administration has not yet decided whether to power the \$40

million experimental ship with an obsolescent, Nautilus-type reactor or design a more advanced atomic plant suitable for merchantmen.

PAY-LATER MEALS are a big new field for credit. The Diners' Club reports that restaurant and hotel checks charged by its 300,000 members (up one-third since August 1955) have increased 71% from the \$7,833,559 that went on their credit cards in the corresponding three-month period last year.

CHARGE ACCOUNTS at SEA are being tried aboard Moore-McCormack Lines luxury ships *Argentina* and *Brazil*. First-class passengers may charge up to \$2,000 in shipboard tips, services and purchases (including bar tabs), pay later.

STEEL SHORTAGE, beginning to pinch just now, will continue through year's end, the worst since post-strike 1952. Lacking plates and structural shapes, some railroad car and agricultural equipment builders are resorting to production cutbacks, layoffs. Steel

strike cost 11 million tons of steel, plus extensive damage to U.S. mills.

SEARS, ROEBUCK will launch its first big national advertising campaign next month, spend an estimated \$1,000,000 for space in eight magazines (*LIFE*, *Saturday Evening Post*) to boost back-to-school clothing sales.

SMALL PLANE BOOM pushed U.S. exports of light (up to 6,000 lbs.) civil aircraft 25% over last year's level in first half of 1956. Planemakers expect to sell nearly 900 light planes abroad for a total of \$10.5 million in 1956.

HIGHER BEER PRICES for consumer will follow increases at wholesale level. New York breweries hiked prices 18% a case. Schlitz, largest U.S. producer, and other Milwaukee breweries will soon follow suit.

U.S. WINE SALES are expected to increase 10% in 1956, reach an alltime peak of \$660 million (v. \$260 million in 1940), though the industry reports that only one out of three Americans ever takes a sip of wine.

THE LUXURY MARKET

A Necessity in an Expanding Economy

IN San Francisco's I. Magnin & Co. shoppers can buy, for \$500, an 8-ft. cloth-covered, motorized kangaroo that pops a 3-ft. kangaroo out of its pouch. But they had better hurry, because the store sold out its supply once and had to scour Europe for more. In Beverly Hills a thoughtful fellow sent a birthday present to a department-store executive "who has everything": a brush specially designed to clean the lint from his navel. R. H. Macy, Manhattan's mass department store, offers French beaded purses for \$99.50; Sears, Roebuck, the farmer's friend, catalogues a \$3,210 diamond ring for the farmer's wife, a \$718 electric golf cart for the farmer. Last week, at the Summer Gift Show in Chicago's Merchandise Mart, prices were up as much as 100% over five years ago, but the show had the most successful run in its history, with sales 50% ahead of last year. One puzzled firm reported selling 200 Egyptian camel saddles at \$100 apiece last year, could not figure out what for. Said Ted Russell of the gift firm of N. S. Gustin: "I'm flabbergasted. The whole trend is amazing."

In 1956 a great and growing number of Americans are willing and able to buy products considered luxuries (or unheard of) by their fathers, and even by themselves a generation ago. Says Lever Bros. Chairman Jervis Babbs: "The great mass of American families have graduated from a people who work for a living to a people who work for luxury. Price is no longer a basic standard. People buy for value. The store's problem is not to get rid of steaks, but to move the hamburger."

Statistically, the explanation is simple. Americans are making more money, have more to spend. Disposable income (after taxes) stood at \$270.6 billion last year v. \$206.1 billion for 1950, \$150.4 billion for 1945. And since 1940, U.S. discretionary income—the amount remaining from disposable income after subtracting food, clothing, housing, other necessities—has increased sixfold. There are other reasons. People have a greater feeling of security about the future induced by continued prosperity; they feel free to spend. They have more time to buy and to enjoy—roughly 1,200 more leisure hours annually than their grandparents had. Their tastes have been upgraded to an appreciation of quality.

The gold-plated and mink-trimmed whatnots are only the smallest part of the luxury market. To U.S. economists, the amazing fact about the new luxury market is the broadening and democratization of both the market and the

luxuries themselves. Gone are the days when luxury meant a private railroad car, a steam yacht, a Newport château. From an emphasis on the ostentatious things that go with ceremony, luxury has focused on the convenient gadgets that make life easy for the many.

Along with the relative decline in exhibitionistic spending has come a decline of the class that practiced it. Compared to 1929, the \$100,000-plus income group (after taxes) today is less than a fifth as large, accounts for only a sixth of the aggregate income it accounted for in 1929, provides only .038% of national luxury income v. more than a third in '29. But while the apex of the pyramid has shriveled, the middle has filled out: there are now 30.6 million families with personal incomes of \$4,000 or over who account for a luxury income of \$41.4 billion. In the words of a Los Angeles broker: "Before World War II there were at least 50 really big yachts here. Today there are only 15 left, but there are at least 3,500 smaller boats."

In this new mass market, old distinctions between luxuries and necessities have a way of disappearing fast, and yesterday's luxury becomes today's need. Thus, one day in January 1950, by federal fiat, the TV set was suddenly transformed in effect from luxury to necessity. This happened when the Bureau of Labor Statistics decided that TV sets belonged on the list of the hundreds of items it uses to compile its cost-of-living index. Three years later, by BLS "decree," automatic laundry service and biscuit mix also became necessities. It is easily conceivable that in time the same road will be taken by air conditioning, electric blankets, power steering, and a thousand other amenities. This is the familiar old American process of raising the standard of living.

It is also a new twist on the old historians' axiom: the more luxury, the quicker a nation degenerates. This was true enough in Babylon, Greece, Rome, Bourbon France and Czarist Russia, where luxury perched atop a pyramid of misery, ignorance and hopeless poverty—Fabergé eggs sprouting from a dunghope. But in the U.S. luxury has come to mean not a declining economy but an expanding one. It is not a historic nightmare but a large part of the American dream. In the words of Ben Franklin, who saw ahead of his time: "Is not the hope of one day being able to purchase and enjoy luxuries a great spur to labor and industry?"

François, sets up an elaborate schedule of regattas, racing events and polo matches. To promote elegance, André refuses to allow even the biggest losers inside the Casino's Gilded Hall unless they are wearing evening clothes (black tie), once turned away heroic General Pierre Koenig. Explained an attendant: "Sorry, General, but orders are orders." Said sport-shirted Koenig: "Ah, yes, I understand orders."

The Billion-Franc Bet. Last week, at the start of Deauville's most fashionable fortnight, André prowled his domain from 9 a.m. to 4 a.m. each day, checking the activities of his 2,000 employees (per capita wine allowance: 5 gals. a season), the kitchens that dish out one ton of roast



Jours de France

DEAUVILLE'S ANDRÉ

One great lady is his true love.

beef and 30 lbs. of caviar a day, the cellars from which 20,000 bottles of champagne flow each season.

One morning he noticed that guests' shoes were losing their gloss, ordered refresher courses for his shoeshine force. Horrified to learn that the Casino was losing 40¢ a portion on every meat dish, André phone-swaggered his butcher into giving him a \$285-a-week price cut. Since he counts on making \$1.75 on every \$100 bet at roulette, André closely inspects the three inspectors he posts at every gambling table to keep an eye on the croupiers.

Agonized at the thought that a rainy spell can drive away his customers, André hopes for the best by wearing a Panama hat wherever he goes, prepares for the worst by packing an umbrella. The more his guests lose the more André worries. Last week, as the sun stayed out and gamblers kept gambling, André was doleful indeed. As he confided to a friend: "The man who bets the heaviest in this casino is not ex-King Farouk or Jack Warner. The heaviest bettor is poor André. He bets a billion francs (\$2,857,000) a year on the sun."



6 times more than we need ... still not enough!

1½ million billion gallons!

America's average annual rainfall! Yet water shortages are increasingly common and severe.

Why?

Nearly 72% of our rain, literally, goes up into the clouds or is used by vegetation. The remainder is unevenly distributed. Pollution and the steadily increasing needs of homes and industries further strain our water resources.

Since we cannot add so much as an inch to our annual rainfall, reason dictates we make the most of what we have.

Here, America's water officials need your help. Support their advance planning of water facilities. Encourage realistic water rates. And conserve water where you can.

America's most precious natural resource no longer can be taken for granted.

what other pipe can match this record?

Over 70 American utilities today are still served by cast iron mains laid over a hundred years ago!

What does this mean to you?

As a citizen, you can rely on cast iron pipe to give you longer, trouble-free service.

As a taxpayer, you can count on it to save your tax dollars.

Cast Iron Pipe, America's Most Dependable Carrier of Water



140 years ago this cast iron water main was laid in Montreal, Quebec. It is still serving. Modernized cast iron pipe, centrifugally cast, is even stronger, tougher, more durable.

Long Life for Gas Mains



This cast iron gas main, laid more than a century ago, still serves Hartford, Conn.

Many American utilities have been buying cast iron pipe for gas mains a century or more. Here's dependability plus. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

CAST IRON PIPE

CAST IRON

*These securities have not been and are not being offered to the public.
This advertisement appears only as a matter of record.*

NEW ISSUES

August 7, 1956

Kaiser Steel Corporation

\$70,000,000

4¾% First Mortgage Bonds, Due 1976

\$30,000,000

5% Promissory Notes, Due 1981

Subject to the terms and conditions of Purchase Agreements negotiated by the undersigned, certain institutional investors have entered into commitments to purchase the above securities in instalments by March 31, 1958.

The First Boston Corporation

Investment
Securities



NEW YORK BOSTON PITTSBURGH CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND SAN FRANCISCO

Reds in India

From the copper mines of Sikkim to the oilfields of Assam, Russian traders and technicians traipsed through India last week, offering cut-rate rubles, big-brotherly advice and back-scratching barter deals. Czech engineers mapped roads in the mountainous north. East German technicians scouted sites for India's first raw film factory. In central Bhilai, Russian specialists supervised construction of a steel mill for which Russian money-men had advanced some \$100 million at 2½%, about half the interest rate proposed by Western lenders.

Socialist Sympathy. While Western businessmen watched with apprehension, the Soviet Union in less than two years has succeeded in penetrating virtually every key industry in India. Yet Moscow contributes little to India's economy: barely 1% of India's imports in the past year has come from the Iron Curtain countries v. 25% from Britain, 8% from West Germany. While the U.S. has handed Nehru's government \$500 million in gifts and loans since 1950, Russia has doled out farm machinery and one Ilyushin-14 airliner, worth in all no more than \$2,000,000.

How then does Russia earn its welcome? Though private enterprise still has a vital stake in India's backward economy, the government is heavily committed to state ownership of industry and natural resources. Thus Russia, the first socialist state to emerge as a major industrial power, is solicitously helpful in mapping a nationalized economy for India. U.S. pharmaceutical firms have long been anxious to build plants in India, but have balked at the prospect of investing money and technical secrets in a government-controlled industry. Last week the government announced that a ten-man Indian delegation would leave soon for Moscow to get Russian help in developing its domestic drug industry.

"Negative Attitude." What worries U.S. and British industrialists—who have \$800 million invested in India—is that Moscow's profits-be-damned business philosophy may eventually squeeze out all free enterprise. Oil companies, with a greater investment than any other foreign industry, are already seeing Red. Russia has offered to lend India 250 oil geologists, says it wants no oil rights in return. Though British and U.S. companies, e.g., Burmah Oil, Standard Vacuum, have spent years and millions of dollars to develop new oil resources in India, Russian surveys have encouraged the Indian government to look for oil on its own. Last May, with Rumanian crews and equipment, the government started exploration work in Bengal and test-drilling in Punjab.

In the face of this growing problem, both the British and the U.S. have begun to apply pressures of their own. The British, who still control more than 80% of all foreign capital in India, have warned Nehru's government that the Soviets may use economic penetration as a powerful political lever. U.S. industrial leaders have

BUILT FOR SPEED

A Paragon® Drafting Machine speeds work because it's so easy to operate. Every essential piece of drafting equipment is combined in a single unique instrument.

Unique because it responds to the touch of a fingertip, assuring convenience and effortless performance that cuts work fatigue.

Result: matchless drawings in less time with less effort. Have your K&E dealer give you a demonstration.

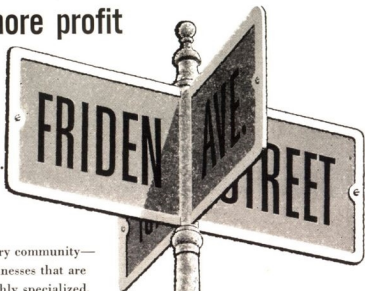
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...your kind of business
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Friden Street—in every community—is lined with businesses that are “different,” many highly specialized.

Here you see real estate offices, steel plants, supermarkets... and sugar refineries, advertising agencies, engineers, banks... ALL doing their figure-work quicker than thought with the Friden Calculator.

This is not an ordinary calculator... It is **The Thinking Machine of American Business.**

The fully automatic Friden performs more steps in figure-work without operator decisions—simply by figure-thinking for you—than any other calculating machine ever developed!

Your kind of business has competition. Your kind of business runs on figures. To see ahead and push ahead... your kind of business needs the Friden.

Invoices, inventory, payroll calculations, discounts—all daily figuring chores are handled *automatically* by the Friden Calculator.

Ask your nearby Friden Man to show you how quickly you can amortize the cost of a Friden... the wide range of models... how *anyone* can operate the Friden with the simplest instructions.

Friden

THE AUTOMATIC CALCULATOR • THE NATURAL WAY ADDING MACHINE
THE COMPUTER • THE ADD-PUNCH MACHINE



Friden sales, instruction, service throughout U.S. and the world. Copyright Friden Calculating Machine Co., Inc., San Leandro, California

pointed out that India desperately needs \$1.5 billion in foreign capital to push through her second five-year development program, and have added a pointed comment. In a memorandum released last week, the World Bank mission tempered praise for the young nation's "new buoyancy and hope" with a warning to the Indian government against its "negative and grudging attitude" to legitimate investors. Cautioned the bank, which has lent India more than \$200 million: "At this stage of development, India certainly needs the contribution which can be made by foreign technology, private capital and management."

REAL ESTATE

Green Dollars for Killarney

An American landed on Erin's green isle,

He gazed at Killarney with rapturous smile,

"How can I buy it?" he said to the guide,

"I'll tell you how," with a smile he replied,

How can you buy all the stars in the skies?

How can you buy two blue Irish eyes?

How can you purchase a fond mother's sighs?

*How can you buy Killarney?*²⁰

Last week, in answer to the old song, Florida Real Estate Broker James Stuart Robertson, 59, showed how even a non-Irishman could own Killarney. His formula: after the owner dies and the tax collectors haunt his heirs, step in with enough green dollars and a promise never to spoil the scenery.

For 400 years before Robertson's purchase, Killarney had been owned by the Earls of Kenmare, who had jealously guarded the natural beauty made famous by poet, musician and tourist. Then two months ago, after the last Earl had died, his heir, Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor, was forced to put 8,500 acres of the 9,000-acre estate up for sale so that she could pay off a £70,000 (\$196,000) inheritance tax. But she could find no buyer. Irishmen in Dublin, afraid that Killarney would fall into unsympathetic hands, started a fund-raising campaign, could raise only £10,000. In the U.S., sharing similar fear, the Bartenders Association of Boston voted \$1,000 (£357) for a "Save Killarney" fund—also not enough.

Seven weeks ago, in Boca Raton, Fla., Robertson, who has made his money in shipping and real estate, read a news item saying that the Lakes of Killarney were for sale. He flew to Ireland, looked over the 30 page, 2 ft.-by-3 ft. parchment deed written in Latin during the reign of Charles I (1625-49). Then, after pledging that he would maintain the rustic tradition of Killarney and continue to permit the public to enjoy the property, Robertson paid a reported \$252,000 to become



HOUSTON CITY DUMP No. 2

Where to hit pay dirt.

owner of 14th century Ross Castle, the ancient Abbey of Saint Finian, Kenmare House, two lakes, 60 islands.

Disclaiming any plot to "Americanize" Killarney with motor boats or automobiles, Robertson, of Scottish-Irish descent, plans to summer in Killarney, winter in Florida.

OIL

Gold Under the Garbage

While eager prospectors searched for oil all around the world, beneath the sea and in the mountains, high-living Houston last week took a look under its garbage and found black gold. An independent driller, Trice Production Co., brought in a rich (140 bbls. daily) well from 8,000 ft. below the city dump, and gave it an



FLORIDA'S ROBERTSON
How to buy two blue Irish eyes.

appropriate label: "Houston City Dump No. 1."

Dump No. 1 is the latest strike in the old Pierce Junction salt dome, where wells are pushing ever closer to Houston's city limits. For more than three decades prospectors in Pierce Junction made occasional strikes at conservative depths of 2,000 ft. to 5,000 ft. Then, in 1949, Wildcatter Glenn McCarthy dared to go deeper, brought in a well from between 7,000 ft. and 8,000 ft. But McCarthy did not follow through. Not until lesser-known Wildcatter E. C. Scurlock brought home a deep payload late in 1954 did the Pierce Junction boom begin.

In the past year it has become the biggest of all Gulf Coast oil booms. Thirty-five companies have sunk 171 producing wells deep into the treeless flat, now get around 24,000 bbls. daily from the field. Said one Houston newsmen: "The whole town is on the verge of being overrun by derricks." Oil rigs are creeping within 100 yds. of the residences and businesses of Houston's primary north-south thoroughfare, South Main Street. One derrick stands 75 yds. from the roller coaster at Playland Park; another is within No. 7-iron distance (125 yds.) of the South Main Golf Center driving range. Two more wells have been drilled in the path of a proposed \$30 million freeway, which probably will be rerouted. Worried Harris County officials have urged the Texas Railroad Commission to deny future oil permits on freeway land.

Musing about the fact that traces of oil have been found downtown when water wells were drilled, some Texans crack about tearing down Houston (and rebuilding it a few miles away) to get at the oil. Since the downtown real estate is worth more than the oil potential, even Houston is not likely to go that far. But the oil is worth a lot to the city of Houston. The city holds a one-fourth interest in "City Dump No. 1," should reap \$400,000 yearly from it. Trice already has begun drilling "City Dump No. 2" on the same profits deal with Houston. Geologists figure that the 300-acre dump is good for at least 15 producing wells. Such a sea under her garbage could enrich the city government by \$600,000 a year.

AVIATION

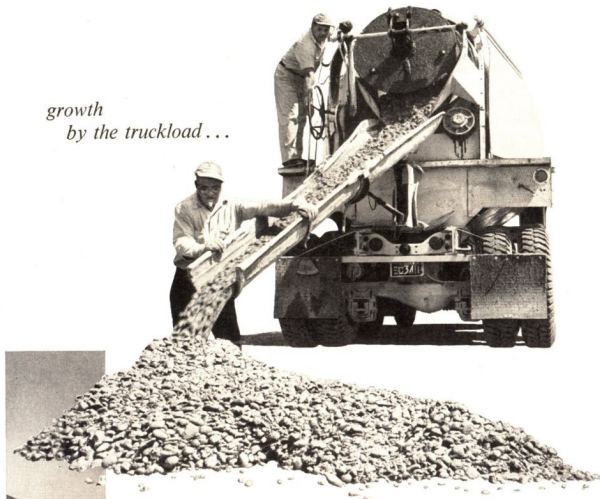
Off to Miami

The long-awaited Civil Aeronautics Board decision on the rich New York-to-Miami airline run came last week. To little (eleven aging DC-3s, six early-model Convairs) Northeast Airlines (1955 net: \$379,937) went the grand prize in the CAB bag: permission to fly the "Gold Coast" run, with National and Eastern.

Of the seven lines competing for a slice of the world's best air route, Northeast had one of the weakest claims. A CAB examiner had recommended Delta; New York City and Baltimore had officially endorsed Pan Am. Northeast's very weakness, however, turned out to be its strength. It was the only domestic trunk-line still on Government subsidy, receiving

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growth
by the truckload . . .



READY MIXED

Just a generation ago, a ready mix truck discharging concrete was something new for the "sidewalk superintendent" to watch. Now, we are all familiar with this modern method of supplying concrete. In fact, this year some 3,000 producers expect to deliver about 15,000,000 truckloads of ready mixed concrete.

The remarkable progress of this young industry is strong evidence of the quality, convenience and economy of ready mixed concrete for all types of construction . . . and of the increasingly important role concrete is playing in the phenomenal growth of our nation.

As America continues to grow, the demand for concrete in new construction will become even greater. To keep pace with this growth, cement manufacturers the country over have taken—and are still taking—steps to increase the production of cement, the basic ingredient of concrete.

Since 1946, for example, the Lehigh Portland Cement Company has spent \$104,000,000 to expand production facilities. Currently, we are spending \$100,000 per day to further increase the supply of Lehigh Cements.

This is growth for the future . . . growth that insures growth.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

Allentown, Pa.



do you have a

materiel, packaging or
parts fabrication

problem?

Koch molded Fiberglas may well be the answer

For example, take the more than 150,000 Koch carrying-storage-shipping cases in use today. They demonstrate the incredible versatility and strength of Koch Fiberglas.

They are impervious to moisture, vapor, fungus, mildew and corrosion. They are dent-, shock-, and vibration-proof. Can be self-palletized for fork lift. Can be insulated by Koch with foamed-in-place plastic. Koch cases are air-tight; require no paint or outer packaging for long-term storage or overseas shipment. Reusable, so cost amortizes through reuse. Withstand parachute drops from any height, free falls onto water or snow from 500 feet, or submersion.



Also Koch Fiberglas
RADOME HOUSING UNITS
JET ENGINE CONTAINERS
JET IMPELLER BLADES

For our 10th Anniversary Brochure
on Fiberglas Fabrication,
write on your company letterhead,
giving position or title, to

KOCH
PRONOUNCED "KOKK"
FIBERGLAS
DEPT. TIL
CORTE MADERA, CALIFORNIA

In luggage, ask for the original Fiberglas Luggage by Koch, the finest obtainable for men and women who travel a lot.

\$1.8 million from Washington every year, and CAB felt that it had a mandate to get all U.S. airlines off subsidy and flying on their own.

The CAB decision was first taken last fortnight by a three-to-two vote, with Republicans Chan Gurney and Harmar Denny in the minority. Ordinarily, the board would then have waited about a month to announce it in a formal order, but word quickly leaked to the "corridor walkers"—the airline lobbyists who have been putting tremendous heat on CAB. Suddenly, Northeast's ordinarily sluggish shares (only 249,600 traded in all of 1955) zoomed; in just one day 24,000 were traded, with the stock jumping from 9½ to 12½. Finally, as the rumor hit front pages and the lobbyists turned their strongest pressure on CAB to change its mind,

the agency quickly convened, in a four-hour meeting clinched the matter by taking the unprecedented step of announcing its decision before issuing a formal order.

In the furor over the Northeast decision, newsmen and airline lobbyists missed another CAB ruling that may be even more important. Three days before it voted on Northeast, CAB voted 3-2, Democrats Joseph Adams and Joseph Minetti dissenting, to give Pan American a New York-Nassau route. With Pan Am already flying between Miami and Nassau, the ruling would, in effect, also bring Pan Am into the New York-Miami run—by way of Nassau. Since the unannounced Pan Am decision could still be reversed, new pressures will arise in Washington. The Gold Coast war is not over.

MILESTONES

Married. Gertrude Augusta ("Gorgeous Gussie") Moran, 32, high-stepping one-time tennis star (women's indoor singles champion, 1949) who raised eyebrows and lowered camera angles by playing at Wimbledon in lace panties; and Thomas Joseph Corbally, 35, industrial-design firm vice president; in New York City.

Married. David Cunningham Garroway, 43, NBC-TV's early-rising old pro (*Today*; *Wide, Wide World*); and Pamela Wilde, 28, brunette former TV production coordinator; both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Married. Emanuel ("Manny") Shinwell, 71, British Socialist Minister of Defense (1950-51), self-educated ("It's a great handicap") veteran Laborite; and Dinah Meyer, 54, London bank secretary and staunch admirer of Tory Sir Winston Churchill; he for the second time, she for the first; in London.

Died. John Patrick Digues Treville Latouche, 38, prolific Broadway lyricist (*The Vamp*, *Beggar's Holiday*), onetime boy wonder (at 20 he had written the lyrics for the song *Bud for Americans*, at 22 for the musical *Cabin in the Sky*); of a heart attack, shortly after revising his lyrics for the folk opera *Bullad of Baby Doe* (TIME, July 16); in Calais, VT.

Died. Jackson Pollock, 44, bearded shock trooper of modern painting, who spread his canvases on the floor, dribbled paint, sand and broken glass on them, smeared and scratched them, named them with numbers, and became one of the art world's hottest sellers by 1949; at the wheel of his convertible in a side-road crackup near East Hampton, N.Y.

Died. Archie Galbraith Cameron, 61, terrible-tempered Speaker (since 1951) of Australia's House of Representatives (in 1940, as Minister for both Commerce and the Navy, he refused to retract an insult made on the floor of the House, be-

came the only Minister in the Commonwealth to be voted out of a Parliament for disciplinary reasons); of a lung ailment; in Sydney.

Died. John Carl Williams Hinshaw, 62, Republican work horse on the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee and the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, authority on aviation; of pneumonia; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Dr. Mincho Neichev, 69, Bulgaria's foreign minister since 1950, who, as education minister, helped set up the "Peoples' Republic" proclaimed in 1946.

Died. Ab Jenkins, 73, bronzed, white-haired iron man of auto endurance trials (his last record: 118.37 m.p.h. for 24 hours in a stock Pontiac—TIME, July 9), onetime mayor (1940-44) of Salt Lake City (before he took office he changed his name legally from David Abbott to Ab, to twit critics who said he needed more dignity); of a heart attack; in Milwaukee. Among Ab Jenkins' unbroken records: 200 miles at 195.85 m.p.h., 1,000 miles at 172.83 m.p.h., 3,000 miles at 165.76 m.p.h.

Died. Grove Hiram Patterson, 74, editor (since 1926) of the *Toledo Blade* (circ. 194,780), home-folks columnist ("Way of the World") and author (*I Like People*), a founder of the American Society of Newspaper Editors; of a heart attack; in Toledo.

Died. Frieda Emma Johanna Maria von Richthofen Weekley Lawrence Ravagli, 77, earthy, aristocratic mistress (1912-14), wife (1914 until his death in 1930) and muse of British Novelist D.H. (*Lady Chatterley's Lover*) Lawrence, presumed model for the wife of Mark Rampion, Aldous Huxley's fictional portrait of Lawrence in *Point Counter Point*, and wife (since 1950) of Angelino Ravagli, Italian painter and ceramist; of a stroke; in Taos, N. Mex.



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BOOKS

Love on a Japanese Isle

THE SOUND OF WAVES [183 pp.]—Yukio Mishima—Knopf [\$3].

A Japanese novel is rather like a Japanese flower arrangement. It is subtle, delicate and personal, and it invariably fades a little in the vase of translation. *The Sound of Waves* does not wholly escape this fate, but its 31-year-old author, Yukio Mishima, is a spare-time weight lifter, and he has infused his tale of troubled young love among hard-working fisherfolk with a peasant robustness notably lacking in recent, more aristocratically attuned Japanese novels, e.g., *Lady of Beauty*, *Some Prefer Nettles*.

The men on tiny Uta-jima (Song Island) fish for octopus. The women dive in the numbing offshore waters for abalone. The islanders' lives are far from a song. But when they rise from the earthen floors of the dark, dank-smelling huts, they see the morning sun dancing on the sea, and stately clouds crossing the horizon "like ancient gods." Teen-age Shinji is content to follow this age-old pattern of a life both dangerously and harmoniously close to nature. When he prays in the garden of the Yashiro shrine, he asks, "God, let the seas be calm, the fish plentiful, and . . . in time let me become a fisherman among fishermen."

A girl takes his mind off his prayers. Hatsue is lithe and lovely, the winner among the women divers of an unofficial "best-shaped breasts" contest. A fleeting kiss on the beach is about all Shinji can hope for from Hatsue, since her father is a wealthy shipowner with small use for penniless apprentice fishermen. Author Mishima, who seems to have learned some of his flower-arranging from Hollywood,

maroons the couple in an abandoned tower during a storm.

Drenched to the skin, they dry out their clothes before a roaring fire and very nearly burn the last social bridge between them. Village gossip assumes the worst, and Hatsue's father plays the ogre. In the popular Japanese tradition, true love of this kind is expected to end badly, preferably with a double suicide jump off the face of a cliff or into a volcano. Novelist Mishima resolutely avoids the bucket-of-tears finale for an imitation Western happy ending, which will startle readers by its incongruity. But love in Japan is not so much the book's real subject as love of Japan. The desire to evoke the spare, prinklike beauty of their native land which animates Author Mishima and other leading Japanese novelists sets them apart as a special and welcome breed in contemporary writing—that of unabashed patriot esthetes who somehow manage not to sound like jingos.

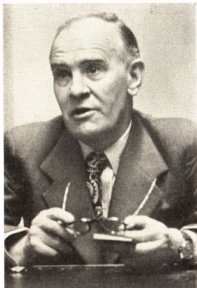
Mr. P.'s Pleasure

THE SAILOR, SENSE OF HUMOUR & OTHER STORIES [369 pp.]—V. S. Pritchett—Knopf [\$4.50].

The scene is a suburban English pub, and two middle-aged ladies named Margaret and Jill are having a quiet chat. Suddenly, a bitter accusation flashes above the gin. Margaret, hiking her skirt, declares that Jill has brought a flea into her life. It seems that the flea—not an "ordinary" London one but "some great black foreign brute"—sprang from Jill onto Margaret. But why was Jill harboring the flea in the first place? Because a young sailor had given it to her—not intentionally, of course, but because he and Jill went to bed together, and to put it briefly "fleas hop." By the end of the story, poor Jill is lying prone on the barroom floor, overcome by shame, double gins, and the loss of her flea-giving lover.

This flea circus, a hilarious yarn, sets the tone for this whole collection of 25 short stories by V. S. (for Victor Sawdon) Pritchett. At 55, Pritchett is perhaps the best literary critic now writing in English. He is also a subtle interpreter of national character and environment (*The Spanish Temper*) and an occasional but brilliant dabbler in fiction. He calls his short stories "the only kind of writing that has given me pleasure [and] always elated me." The elation is shared by the reader.

Pritchett criticism resembles an elaborately woven square of cloth which, held up at one end, hangs together all of a piece. The Pritchett short story is just the opposite. It exists (as modern life does, in Pritchett's view) "in fragments rather than as solid mass," and exults in bursts of fire, sharp changes of tempo, explosions of mood. And it is usually extremely cheerful, regardless of what it is about—as if the characters, like the author, were glad to escape from the stiffer world of Pritchett criticism.



Elliott Erwitt—Magnum

AUTHOR PRITCHETT
A critic at the flea circus.

¶ *The Saint*, one of the best stories in the collection, starts with the words: "When I was seventeen years old, I lost my religious faith." Such a loss would weigh heavily on Pritchett in his critical capacity, but in one of his short stories, it is a sure sign of gusto to follow. Ten pages after the loss has been reported, the bearded youth is floating disconsolately downstream in a punt, while the evangelist who has come to restore his faith is clinging hopelessly to the branch of a willow tree and slowly sinking, like "a declining dogma," into the cold river water. The moral of this brisk little story is: Be sure your feet are on firm ground before you extend a helping hand.

¶ In *The Oedipus Complex*, a jolly dentist assures his patient he'll whip out a bad tooth "in a couple of shakes." He takes a couple of shakes; the tooth breaks. "So that's the game, is it?" crows the dentist, still merry as a grig. He assaults the tooth "with something like a buttonhook." Another piece breaks off. "We'll have to saw," cries the delighted dentist. While the tooth is sawed, button-hooked, drilled and shaken, the dentist, dropping his guard for an instant, admits to the patient that he (the dentist) has suffered hell in his private life. But that's all over now. Life is wonderful. "That gum of yours is going to be sore," the dentist blandly concludes.

¶ In *The Scapegoat*, which will touch a chord in every urban and suburban U.S. heart, the people of Terence Street are conducting their usual feud with their neighbors, the people of Earl Street ("The truth is that you can't live without enemies, and the best enemies are the ones nearest home"). At the moment, the rivalry centers on which street will collect the most money to celebrate the King's Jubilee. Terrible things happen, e.g., when Terence Street's little angels go out with their collecting boxes, the little rats of



Y. Hayato

NOVELIST MISHIMA
A weight lifter among the flowers.

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Earl Street beat them up. The girls of Earl Street, who will stoop to anything, obtain money in ways which shock the decent girls of Terence Street. And in the end, the Terence Street collector bets all the money on the dogs, loses every penny and hangs himself. So what? Terence Street forgives him, as Christians should, and stakes him to a whopping funeral—bigger and better than any that has ever been seen on their street.

The stories in this book—the gleanings of 25 years—are not equally good. But always in evidence are an excellent ear for the spoken word, a sharp eye for the features and gestures of all sorts of men and women, an affectionate understanding for the fancies and the fleas of the common sailor.

The Wide Open Spaces

BEYOND THE BLACK STUMP (316 pp.)—Nevil Shute—Morrow (\$3.75).

Britons are still apt to regard both Americans and Australians as colonials without much culture. In his 19th novel, British Author Nevil Shute has set up a kind of midget contest between these two "uncultivated" cultures. The contest arises when a bunch of American oilmen arrive in Australia's spinifex country (so named for its tough desert grass). The Australians are astounded by the Americans' ability to set up ice-cream plants in the desert, to work like madmen for oil in a country that probably lacks it and, anyway, needs water more. The Americans, in turn, are baffled by the Australians' capacity for rum and their insistence on the right of man—state-given, if not God-given—not to work too hard.

Apart from watching Author Shute trying to decide who are the less cultured, the Yanks or the Aussies, the reader may have some fun with the locale: Laragh Station, a sheep "run" operated by the Brothers Regan. They are graduate gunmen of the Irish Republican Army who are busy populating their underpopulated principality with a brood of half-caste children, some named sentimentally for great figures of the Irish Troubles. Overproof Queensland rum is their drink; mutton is their food; and once a year a priest arrives on the scene to christen the new children, and to tell the elders that they are living in mortal sin. Mrs. Regan has been "married" to the two brothers in succession.

In these wide open spaces, Americans are a new species. Mollie Regan, red-haired and illegitimate daughter of one Regan, meets Stanton Laird, oil geologist from Oregon. His rival is David Cope, a "pommy" (Australian slang for English immigrant) who runs a neighboring station, a pint-size affair of about 300,000 acres. Mollie goes off to Oregon with the ice-cream addict, Stanton, but when she discovers that the U.S. frontier has been all softened up by milk shakes and civilization, she returns to the rum and mutton of the Australian never-never to cope with Cope.

Author Shute, himself a "pommy," de-



William C. Pierce
NOVELIST SHELLABARGER
Princeton v. life.

clared before he prepared to take his talents (and his private gardener) to Australia in 1951: "It is a long time since a first-class novelist has worked in the southern hemisphere." This book does nothing to alter that situation. Before his writing lifted him into rarefied financial levels, Shute was an aeronautical engineer who helped design and fly Britain's dirigible R.100 on its transatlantic flight of 1930.* His fiction has some of the improbable, inflated, but often entertaining quality of the lighter-than-air-machines.

* Shute's novel, *No Highway* (1948), gave an imaginative account of an airliner's disintegration through metal fatigue, which seemed very nearly prophetic in the light of the British Comet crashes in 1954.



Clayton Evans
NOVELIST SHUTE
Rum v. ice cream.

In Praise of Character

TOLBECKEN (370 pp.)—Samuel Shellabarger—Little, Brown (\$3.95).

Many a professor must have a streak of Alexandre Dumas in him, but most of them would not dare expose it than be caught jutterbugging. Samuel Shellabarger, who died in 1954 at 65, had no such qualms. Years as a Princeton English professor and as head of a girls' school failed to dim his passion for writing cloak-and-dagger fiction (*Captain from Castile*, *The King's Cavalier*), a passion that was further inflamed by 1,000,000-copy sales and nods from the Literary Guild.

For this posthumous novel, *Tolbecken*, he had to do no grubbing in libraries. Heroes do not dash, swords do not flash. But his old fans may decide that Author Shellabarger was writing something closer to his heart, if not to his imagination. The real hero of the book is an attribute: character. Old Judge Rufus Tolbecken has it in his bones, just as the family home in the town of Dunstable (somewhere between Baltimore and Philadelphia) has it in its proud colonial lines. But as the 19th century draws to a close, the judge's kind of character and uncompromising integrity are beginning to seem a little archaic, just as the big house seems to be an anachronism in the heart of a town daily becoming more industrialized and ugly. What is worse, the judge's grandson, a fine lad and a Princeton man to boot, cannot sustain the oaklike traditions which he so admires in the old man. He marries the wrong girl, is not much of a lawyer, and after he has fought in World War I, his sense of values is as battered as his body.

This is the old American story of the clash of generations, the impact of modern life on tradition. That Author Shellabarger wrote it at a pitch of sincerity cannot be doubted. Unfortunately, he was a carpenter of fiction and not an architect. In his historicals, that fact was nearly a virtue. In *Tolbecken* it exposes all his built-in limitations. The story is wooden, the characters stock, and coincidence is made to do the work of imagination. Yet it is so rare to find a contemporary novelist writing in praise of character that the literary defects seem almost less important than the simple moral lecture.

Toujours la Tristesse

A CERTAIN SMILE (128 pp.)—Françoise Sagan—Dutton (\$2.95).

A favorite pose of the very young is to abandon hope because they still have so much. One of the best-paid literary practitioners of this kind of premature despair is Paris' intellectual gamin, Françoise Sagan, just turned 21. As readers who pushed the sales of *Bonjour Tristesse* past the million mark know, Sagan wears her world-weary rue with a spicy difference. In her novels, sin triumphs over everything but syntax. This high-styled amorality led one French critic to sum up her work as "classicism in panties."

Author Sagan is all set to repeat her

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Letters Rambler



Mr. Les Viland

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success with *A Certain Smile*. More than 200,000 copies have been sold in France, and the U.S. publisher had 100,000 in print before publication. In *Bonjour Tristesse*, the teen-age heroine lived on cozy terms with her widowed father's succession of mistresses until he proposed to marry one, at which point the daughter showed her claws and drove the poor woman to suicide. *A Certain Smile* is only slightly less scandalous, and similarly concerned with Author Sagan's thirst for drinking at the fountain of eternal middle age. This time the heroine ditches her schoolmate lover for an illicit affair with his married uncle.

Oasis on the Riviera. Dominique, the heroine, is a law student, but essentially a kind of sophisticated Gallic equivalent of a rock-'n'-roller. She smokes incessantly, drinks Scotch methodically and goes to bebop dances at a nightclub called the "Kentucky." Much of the time she is "bored passionately," and her casual, completely physical love affair with Bertrand, a fellow student, rarely takes the edge off that boredom. Then Bertrand introduces her to his uncle Luc and Dominique decides hopefully: "He's just the kind that seduces little girls like me."

Luc is somewhat spavined and haggard, a kind of walking ruin of a roué, and, of course, old enough to be Dominique's father. What makes their liaison inevitable is that they both fear the binding emotions of real love like a plague and hence, in Author Sagan's Sartrean thinking, respect each other's freedom. Both cherish isolated moments of intense sensation, encountered rather like chance oases in the desert journey of what they regard as life's everyday meaninglessness. After one passionate week on the Riviera stretches into two, Dominique finds that she cannot hand Luc back to his wife in quite the airy way in which she took him. But Luc has not fallen in love, and before novel's end, Dominique has to do the penance she has always detested—the waits by the telephone that doesn't ring, the anguished, banal begging ("I can't live without you") and the ever-present taste of ashes that even whisky will not wash away.

Plenty of Nothing. Author Sagan's prose is as disciplined as her characters are not. Her style is spare, lucid and psychologically astute. Yet her novel is a petition in spiritual and emotional bankruptcy. The word "nothing" recurs with obsessive frequency in describing what the heroine thinks and feels. Hemingway reduced the value problem of his "lost generation" to "What is moral is what you feel good after." Sagan has reduced hers to "What you feel is good, if you feel anything." Even the heroine's parting smile precedes a somewhat rueful summing up: "Well, what did it matter? I was a woman who had loved a man. It was a simple story." Being sad and wise and a little tired of it all in this continental way has a certain wayward charm. It seems to appeal so strongly to Françoise Sagan that she may never get around to striking any other pose.

MISCELLANY

The Fixers. In Huntsville, Ala., after appearing at the jail while a friend arrested for highway intoxication was bailed out, County Commissioner James H. Turner was locked up on the same charge, managed to bail himself out a few hours later, just before the friend reappeared to free him and was jailed a second time for highway intoxication.

Stopgap. In Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, Mrs. Edna Reed got a divorce after testifying that her husband concluded a family argument by plugging her mouth with a raw herring.

If the News Fits . . . In Chillicothe, Mo., while publicizing an auto safety inspection campaign, the daily *Constitution-Tribune* sent its office station wagon through the check line, got back a report: no emergency brake, faulty muffler, dim signal lights, missing taillight, badly adjusted foot brakes, two broken windows.

Out on a Limb. In Los Angeles, claiming innocence when detectives questioned him about bookmaking, Ralph Pattison said he had been trying to place a bet, not take one, was arrested when the officers found \$3,233 in cash and a betting slip in his wooden leg.

Cover-Up. In Yorktown, Ind., after a dump truck accidentally dropped a load of hot asphalt while heading for an out-of-town highway job, the truckers thought quickly, gave the street an unscheduled surfacing, went on their way.

War of Attrition. In Zanesville, Ohio, filing a divorce petition, Glen E. Fouch charged that his wife threw away his false teeth and spectacles, poured out his heart medicine, cut his clothes into shreds, broke a coffee cup over his head.

Masked Intention. In Akron, when ten patrolmen surrounded him in a grocery after a hurry-up call from the proprietor, Irvin Harris untied a handkerchief from his swollen face, explained that he wore it because all his teeth had been pulled the day before and his jaw hurt.

Pedal Extremity. In Manhattan, chasing a suspicious-looking bicyclist, Detective John Keeney saw his quarry slipping away as the patrol car jammed in traffic, grabbed a delivery boy's bicycle, nabbed Bicycle Thief Camelio Vanterpool 35 blocks from where the chase started.

Time to Retire. In Bingham, Utah, workers were threatened with "some disciplinary action" after they lost control of a 1,800-lb. road-grader tire they were rolling to amuse themselves during lunch hour, saw it careen down a mile-deep copper mine and vanish into a roadway, where it rolled to a town three-quarters of a mile away, bounced 30 ft. in the air, ripped open the second floor of a house.

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